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The Week

NO ONE can read the recent dispatches from Europe without being impressed by the concern of diplomats over the strained situation between Italy and Jugoslavia. War between these two national dictatorships would almost certainly involve Hungary and Albania, both on the Italian side. It would probably involve France on the side of Jugoslavia, and it might well involve other countries, caught equally in the chain of events which leads to a general European conflict. Since the recent execution by the Fascist government of four Italian subjects of Slavic descent, feeling in Jugoslavia has been running high; anti-Italian demonstrations have been held all over the country; it is reported that the anxiety of the people in Belgrade has caused a general stagnation in business there. It is also reported from Hungary that all reserve officers have been summoned home, and that 200,000 young men have just been examined to ascertain whether they are fit for military service. Probably none of these reports is true, but there is a certain significance in the fact that they are circulated and believed. Meanwhile the progress, or lack of progress, in the naval discussions between France and Italy is delighting or disturbing the diplomats assembled at Geneva. One day it will be reported that the naval experts of the two countries have discovered an acceptable formula; then, on the following day, the report will be denied. Should such a formula be found, a way would be opened toward settling the political differences between the two nations, soon to be discussed at a conference in Rome. And, should these political questions—Italians in Tunis, rectification of African frontiers, etc.—also be adjusted, a great deal of the present tension in Europe would disappear, even among those Balkan nations which follow so closely the course of the debates between Italy and France. In this case there might even be a chance for a successful disarmament conference leading to a stable peace in Europe—but there is no use counting our doves of peace before their eggs are hatched, especially at a time when dove-eggs are so apt to be broken.

WHAT of the Briand plan for a European Federal Union?—that plan to which so many compliments were paid at Geneva by distinguished speakers who said that unfortunately the time was not yet ripe. . . . The Briand plan is to be referred for study to a specially constituted League committee of European nations. After a year's delay (which pleases the English) the committee will report back to the Assembly at Geneva, and action will or will not be taken upon its recommendations. Thus, M. Briand's proposal is to enjoy a year's slumber, after which it may be sent supperless to bed to slumber indefinitely. This does not mean, however, that the idea of a united Europe has been defeated; quite on the contrary, that idea is stronger than ever. It means simply that foreign ministers of the Continental nations are not excited by the idea of a new political union modeled on the League of Nations. They are not even primarily interested in the maintenance of peace. Their real worries are economic, and the force that is driving them toward some sort of economic—but not necessarily political—union is the fear of American

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capital and American machinery. This fear was shown only indirectly in the long addresses at Geneva. But in the general discussion aroused by the talk of a united Europe, it is significant that the words most frequently repeated were not peace, disarmament, arbitration; rather they were—along with imprecations against the Hoover tariff—such names as General Motors, Ford, Morgan, Electric Bond and Share, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

GOVERNOR Roosevelt's pronouncement against the Eighteenth Amendment is less noteworthy for its content than for its existence. What he said is about the same as what has previously been said by Smith, Morrow and others. But for a long time there has been a doubt whether he would say it. The orthodoxy of his own Wetness has been a little suspect. And it has been believed that, as a possible contender for the Democratic presidential nomination, he would not want to offend the Dry sections of his own party, to say nothing of those Dry Republican voters for whose support he might otherwise appeal if nominated. Nevertheless, his statement is not a straddle; and it comes before, and not after, the state Democratic convention. You can take your choice of conclusions: either Mr. Roosevelt is a courageous and intelligent man whose personal support will aid the movement for repeal, or he is an astute politician who saw that it would be impossible to remain neutral on this issue and have any chance of success. Both conclusions are equally damaging to the prohibition cause.

THE scandals in the New York City government continue to grow in size and seriousness, while it becomes steadily more apparent that it is difficult, if not indeed impossible, for the metropolis to clean house. Inevitably, politics enters into the question. The Democrats can hardly be trusted to pursue a remorseless inquiry when the trail of graft leads so close to the citadel of Tammany itself; and the Republicans, when they are not under the suspicion (well justified in some instances) of being secretly in league with the Democrats, are charged with seeking an investigation from which they can make political capital. Now, however, an extraordinary grand jury has been convened to investigate the Healy-Ewald case. It has been charged by Supreme Court Justice Philip J. McCook with the duty of extending its inquiry if it has reason to believe that other magistrates may have bought their places, as Ewald is said to have done. Such an investigation can go a long way, and the disclosures already made have so aroused the public that the members of the jury will hardly dare to curtail their investigation.

MRS. Ruth Hanna McCormick, Republican nominee for United States Senator in Illinois, makes very grave charges against certain agents of the committee investigating campaign expenditures, of which Senator Nye of North Dakota is the head. She accuses this committee of tapping her telephone wires and breaking into her private files. Senator Nye has not yet admitted that these charges are true, but he has failed to issue a satisfactory denial, and his attitude since the charges were first made public has been far less candid than could be wished. But while the committee is under suspicion of improper behavior, there is no such doubt in the case of Mrs. McCormick herself. She has openly admitted, after it was discovered that detectives were shadowing members of the committee, that these detectives were employed by her. They worked in numerous cities, including Washington, Omaha, St. Paul and Birmingham; and among the activities to which they have confessed was an attempt to investigate Senator Nye's private life all the way back to his boyhood. The seriousness of the charges against agents of the committee should not be allowed to blind our eyes to the shocking character of the things Mrs. McCormick admits she was trying to do. Inevitably, the public will be reminded of an incident which occurred when the Wheeler and Walsh committees were uncovering the oil scandals and the other iniquities of the Harding administration. At that time a spy was hired by a member of the Republican National Committee and sent to Montana under orders to get all the damaging material he could about Senators Walsh and Wheeler, in the hope that they could be blackmailed into suspending their activities. Mrs. McCormick's action is entirely comparable. It serves to deepen the impression made by her previous record, that she is not a desirable person to sit in the United States Senate.

THE reward-your-friends and punish-your-enemies policy of the A. F. of L. in elections may not have much merit, but its manner of use in the approaching congressional campaign is praiseworthy. Candidates are to be judged by their attitude toward the amended Shipstead bill on labor injunctions. This is an excellent bill: it aims at remedying a grave and acknowledged evil, and its aim is good because it was drafted after conference with the best experts on the subject. It is the sort of measure which will die unless there is an active force behind it, for while both major parties have mouthed fair words in their platforms and campaign handbooks about the injunction abuse, neither party organization will push the bill in the committee room or on the floor—there is no enthusiasm for it among the big campaign contributors. The sort of pressure which the A. F. of L. tries to exert on individual candidates is most effective when it measures them by their attitude on a solitary measure, as the suffragists and the Drys have demonstrated. It is fatuous to try to judge between candidates on general grounds of friendship or hostility to labor, but possible to help elect men who will vote for the anti-injunction bill, and to help defeat men who will not do so. There is little danger that anyone who opposes this bill would in many other respects be a desirable legislator.

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THE United States government is acting to curtail the arrival of immigrants from Europe during the present industrial depression. The law provides that persons may be excluded if there is reason to believe they might become public charges; and this provision is being twisted out of its original significance to include workingmen who might be unable tc find employment. The fact that this extraordinary decision has passed with hardly any comment in the press shows how far we have come since the days when America's gates swung wide for the entire European world. During the past decade restrictions on immigration have become steadily more severe, until the present law permits the entry of only a little more than 150,000 per annum. The next increase is, of course, very much smaller, on account of the number of persons leaving our shores each year, of whom no account is taken. During July, for example, the immigrants who arrived exceeded those who departed by only 9,505; more than half the aliens who entered the country during that month were business and professional men, tourists and students. July is the first month of the immigration year and under normal conditions should see the largest number of arrivals. An important factor this year is the remarkable decrease in the number of immigrants coming from Canada and Mexico. With the gates narrowed still further by the new policy of the State Department, it is probable that the coming year will see immigration become wholly negligible as a factor in the growth of American population.

IN A report on lawless enforcement of the law, to which more space will later be given in The New Republic, a committee of the American Bar Association refers to a dangerous police practice which threatens to become general. It is that of using the third degree as a means of punishment pure and simple. The crime for which it is inflicted may be that of being a suspicious character; it may be drunkenness; it may be radicalism; it may be speaking disrespectfully to a policeman. Thus, a man in Los Angeles was arrested for protesting when two detectives searched his car. On asking why he was arrested, he was told that he was being taken to the station to talk to the captain. The captain's conversation consisted in one question: "So you don't like the police?"—"I can't very well like them," the prisoner answered. He was then taken into "the room" and beaten by a detective till he cried for mercy. "How do you like the police now?" another detective asked. "I like them fine," he answered; "I have changed my mind about the police." No charge was filed against him; he was turned loose to find a doctor, to have four stitches taken in his lip, and to join the army of those who declare that the American police are "fine"—that is, when they are questioned by the police. Among themselves they say, "I've got no use for a copper," and since coppers represent the law, they have no use for it either.

RADIO censorship has raised its head once more. At a recent mass meeting in Rochester, N. Y., speeches were made by Mrs. Charles H. Sabin and former Senator James W. Wadsworth, both of whom are well known Wets. Station WHEC had arranged to broadcast these speeches, but when the manager of the station discovered that Mrs. Sabin and Mr. Wadsworth intended to attack prohibition, he refused to give them any time on the air. In justification of his action, he explained that he feared the Federal Radio Commission might revoke his license if anyone except a candidate for office should broadcast "controversial" material. This theory of the Radio Commission's attitude is, of course, a ridiculous misinterpretation. There is no objection to the broadcasting of controversial material; the radio law merely provides—and it is an excellent requirement—that any station which permits the candidate of one party to speak shall also give time on the air to opposing candidates. The great broadcasting chains, which now control most of the important stations of the country, are too shrewd to follow the absurd policy of Station WHEC. The problem is still very far from being solved, but incidents like that in Rochester are already becoming anachronistic.

SIR Thomas Lipton's yacht, in comparison to that of the American syndicate, is that of a poor man. It is reported in The Boston Transcript that the sails alone of the "Enterprise" (there are forty-seven sets of them) cost more than the "Shamrock V." Applied science and higher mathematics are used in navigating the American yacht. The stays, for example, which support its hollow steel mast are fitted out with gauges which the sailors watch to see that the pressure exerted on the mast by the sail does not exceed its maximum tensile strength. In fact, so great a knowledge of occult scientific laws must be known by the skipper and his crew that someone has suggested that the "Enterprise" should have been manned not by sailors, but by graduates of M. I. T. But with all this science, and the tremendous sum of money which the races involve, what will they really prove? For certainly when one is faced by such an expenditure of millions, one has a right to expect that something more will be demonstrated than that one yacht can do the thirty-mile course in nine minutes and thirty-four seconds less than the other. Can we hope, for example, that an American triumph will prove that a republic is better governed than an aristocracy? Will it prove that western Europe is in its twilight and America in its dawn? Or will it only prove that suspenders should be called suspenders and not braces, that tea is not half so good a drink as Coco Cola, and that cake should be eaten with the fingers and not with a fork and knife?

WHILE chewing plug tobacco at the crossroads store and passing remarks on the folks down to Washington, old Si Perkins might have knocked to-

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gether a political platform very much like that presented to the German people by the National Socialist party of Herr Adolph Hitler. It is not so much a soap-box as a cracker-box program, one appealing to the prejudices of city and country yokels—the sort of manifesto that might have been concocted by Ma Ferguson's Jim if he had been born in the sauerkraut belt instead of on the hog-and-hominy prairies. Herr Hitler's platform proposes first of all to disfranchise the Jews or drive them out of Germany. With them would go all foreigners who have entered the country since August, 1914. The remaining population would then proceed to divide the nation's wealth: all land would be nationalized, all trusts would be nationalized and their profits given to the 100-percent German workers; all department stores would be confiscated by the State, divided into small shops, and rented at nominal prices to small shopkeepers—from whom the government would be compelled by law to purchase its supplies. Reparations would of course be abolished: Germany and Austria would unite over the ashes of treaties obligingly burned by the French; the old German colonies would be restored, and there would be a thumping big national army. The millennium would arrive, with plenty of *Sauerbraten* for all and a strict prohibition against literary and artistic productions contrary to the principles of true Germanism. More than six million men and women voted for this program, which will be defended in the new Reichstag by 107 deputies out of a total of 576. It is almost enough to make one regret the good old days of Bismarck and repressive autocracy.

CONCEALED from the eyes of those who read the newspapers, but tucked into a three-inch news note of an advertising journal, appears the statement that Jacob M. Karub of Pittsburgh is suing the American Cigar Company for $50,000. Mr. Karub is a cigar maker. He says that on July 16 a representative of the American Cigar Company sent to his shop a photographer who requested permission to take a picture of him at work. He consented, understanding that the photograph was to be used in a series of industrial pictures showing the old-style method of rolling cigars by hand. Such a representation, he says, was made to him by the American Cigar Company. But the photograph of Mr. Karub appeared in an advertisement for Cremo cigars, with a contemptuous caption which described it as revealing the unsanitary practice of spit-tipping cigars. Mr. Karub has now brought suit, alleging that the use of his picture in the manner indicated is false, scandalous, and has hurt his earning power. He says, moreover, that he rolls cigars of dampened tobacco and never uses spit. Whether or not he wins his case will probably depend on the court's interpretation of the delicately worded "model release" which he signed before the picture was taken. Meanwhile the whole episode—and the silence of newspapers regarding it—leave a worse taste in the mouth than would any spit-tipped cigar. "Spit is a horrid word"—but the sort of unethical advertising charged in Mr. Karub's suit is an even more horrid practice.

Germany's Challenge to France

THE RESULTS of the German election have been even more serious than was predicted at the time of the Reichstag's dissolution last July. Both the Communists and the Fascists have won smashing victories; while the official returns have not yet been announced, the followers of Hitler, who call themselves National Socialists and are actually Fascists, appear to have increased their representation from twelve to one hundred and seven, and the Communists from fifty-four to seventy-six. The Hugenberg Nationalists, while they lost strength, have still forty-one seats, so that these three groups among them have something like two hundred and twenty-four members of the Reichstag, out of a total of five hundred and seventy-six. On all important matters both of domestic and foreign policy, the extreme radicals and the extreme conservatives vote together. In order to offset them, it will be necessary to form a coalition government, presumably based upon the Social Democrats, who were not included in the Bruening government.

To realize how serious the situation is, it is necessary to recall the events of recent months in Germany. For more than half a year, the Reichstag as a whole has been refusing to approve the taxes and the other financial legislation necessary for Germany to carry out her obligations under the Young Plan. The Müller government resigned in March, primarily for this reason, and President von Hindenburg appointed Bruening as Chancellor. In July, because of the persistent refusal of the Reichstag to take the necessary action, the President ordered it dissolved under Article 48 of the German Constitution, which authorizes this action "if public safety and order be seriously disturbed or threatened." Since then, the Bruening Cabinet has carried on alone. All its acts, however, must ultimately be confirmed by the new Reichstag. President von Hindenburg and Chancellor Bruening were hoping that in the interval between the dissolution of the Reichstag in July and the election of September 14, they could bring the country around to their point of view. In this they have signally failed. The astonishing increase in the vote of the Hitler party indicates the trend of German opinion. Hitler is opposed to the Treaty of Versailles, to the theory that Germany was morally guilty of the War, to the Young Plan, and, in short, to the international shackles which have been fastened upon the Central Powers since their defeat in 1918.

It seems altogether likely, therefore, that the new Reichstag will decline to confirm the recent actions of the Bruening government, and will re-

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fuse in its turn to pass the legislation necessary for the reparations payments under the Young Plan. Germany, it must be remembered, is suffering a serious industrial depression. She has 3,000,000 men out of work, the equivalent of 6,000,000 in the United States. She is faced by a prospective budgetary deficit of $125,000,000. The days when she was able to meet her reparations payments largely out of foreign loans are past. Capital could be forced to make a far larger contribution than it is at present doing; but in the main, the payments must be made, if at all, chiefly by depressing still further the standard of living of the working class. It is doubtful whether Germany will consent to do this, in view of the universal feeling among her citizens that Hitler and his followers are at least partially right, that Germany was not morally responsible for the War and ought not to be made to carry the reparations burden. The Social Democrats, or some other group, might undertake to carry on for a time by trying to meet the terms of the Allies, but any such effort can be only temporary at best.

If Germany refuses in the long run to play the part assigned her, can she be forced to do so? The Young Plan provides that if there is a default in reparations, the matter shall be submitted to the World Court to determine whether this default is inadvertent or intentional. Should the Court hold that it is intentional, the "Creditor Powers," by the terms of the Young Plan, "resume their full liberty of action." The French have already indicated what course they intend to pursue. They will lay the matter before the League Council on the ground that Germany, a member of the League, is willfully violating an international agreement. Decisions of the League Council have to be unanimous, and since Germany herself is a member, as is Italy, which is none too friendly toward France, it seems unthinkable that there should be a unanimous vote. In that case, France would be free to act alone.

What action would she take? The last of her soldiers left German soil a few weeks ago. Would she again send a military expedition into the Rhineland? While this is possible, the public opinion of the world would now be so strongly against her that it is hard to imagine she would do such a thing except as a last resort. She might get the coöperation of Great Britain and perhaps even of Italy, in milder measures against Germany, but it is unlikely that the British would consent to military pressure at this late date, particularly if the Labor government were still in power at the time. The French, moreover, are a hard-headed people. They know that a military occupation is a terribly expensive business, which can be undertaken only when they are sure that the enemy whose territory is invaded will pay its costs. This was true of Germany ten years ago, when her people were crushed and hopeless. It is far from being true of the Germany of today.

France has another reason for hesitating before applying forceful measures in the event of a German default. Her own relations with Italy continue strained, despite all the recent efforts at a reconciliation. France has little to fear from a war with Italy if that country stands alone; but a war in which Germany and Austria were active, or even passive, allies of Mussolini would be a very different matter. It is the most obvious strategy for France to avoid aggressively hostile action against Germany until she has liquidated her Mediterranean problem. The Germans know this as well as anyone else, and it has probably been an important element in winning adherents to the side of Hitler.

The history of the past ten years has been one of steady reduction in the demands made upon Germany by the Allies. Reparations have been reduced from the original demands by 75 percent, and no informed person has any expectation that even the remainder (divided into payments extending to 1978) will ever be paid. Up to now, Germany's success has been achieved by the orderly process of international negotiations; but the Fascists, if they get their way, will substitute passive resistance, and perhaps even a resort to arms. If this should happen, it would be an unmitigated calamity, both for Germany and for the whole of Europe, since it would, in all likelihood, be the beginning of another general war. Even those who believe, as The New Republic does, that the Treaty of Versailles was founded on a historical falsehood, and that its terms were grossly unfair to Germany, must hope that President von Hindenburg will be able to form a coalition government from the parties of the Center, which will be able to carry on and to thwart the desires of the extremists. Germany's best hope lies in an appeal to the good will of the world, and not to the sword.

Scientists as Leaders

THE SCIENTISTS, who have scouted out the universe, seem unable to tell the race of men which way it should go. Why do experts offer so little leadership?

An incident may offer a clue. It occurred at the international conference of agricultural economists at Cornell. Nearly seventy papers had been read, full of statistics. Discussion had ranged about such things as the effect of the gold supply, the relationship between agriculture and factory industry; the influence of hog prices on the delivery of hogs to market, the preference of potato buyers for clean potatoes over dirty potatoes. Then an English delegate, with Oxford behind him, read a paper which contained no figures and no practical details. Mr. Ashby talked about the agricultural economists themselves and the way they think.

Agricultural economics, he said, is an applied science. It is concerned with discovering what has happened, what is happening and, as far as pos-

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sible, what is likely to happen. But, in addition, it passes judgment on what happens. It tries to influence what may happen. The facts it reveals are not the facts of a predetermined, unchangeable universe. Implicit in all the investigation is the idea that the facts will furnish guidance for the intelligence. Nearly all the discussion brings light to policy. But, said Mr. Ashby, the agricultural economists have not devoted to questions of policy the same keen and critical attention which they have devoted to questions of fact and theory. What ends are they seeking? Why are they seeking them? How do the ends fit each other? What kind of rural life, what kind of society, do they want to bring about? What is their program?

This condensed summary, out of the memory of one listener, does scant justice to the paper in question, but it will serve to illustrate the point. For the point lies, not so much in what Mr. Ashby said, as in the way in which it was received. To the lay mind, the burden of the paper may not appear startling. But to the minds of many scientists present, it bordered on heresy. Hearers who had been frankly advocating or opposing specific policies rose to declare that the economic scientist had no business to deal in anything but objective fact. He had no right to set up goals, whether for individuals or society. He was not a dealer in good and evil, in ought or should. He must be totally impartial. Other men could do with his discoveries what they pleased. As far as the scientist was concerned, he must accept as given the ends which were, as a matter of fact, being sought. The scientist, one gathered, was supposed to be a mechanized, specialized fact grubber. He had received higher orders to investigate phenomena, looking neither to left nor to right. The experts were a sort of Light Brigade, charging nobly into the valley of classifications and measurable differences.

The view of the clan was perhaps best voiced by a questioner who said, in effect, "Why not let the experts on values tell the experts on economics what ends to seek?" This is a beautiful expression of the parochialism of the typical American scientific student—a parochialism often carefully nursed in college and graduate school. An expert for everything, and every expert in his place. The whole duty of the scientist is fulfilled if he delves resolutely in his tiny corner of the cosmos. This is a blessed relief from indefinite obligation. It brings to the soul much of the same shelter enjoyed by the orthodox believer in an authoritarian church. And it affects the activities of our scientific specialists. By and large, they do not know literature, philosophy, painting, music or poetry. In the homes of many you will not find books, or other than technical periodicals. They often cannot write agreeable English (see their periodicals). Many of them know little even about the related sciences. While the economist yearly condemns the protective tariff, the biologist will regularly vote the Republican ticket. Scholarship usually means to them thorough knowledge of a small sector, not an ability to embrace and interrelate. They scorn the dilettante, the smatterer; each will sternly repel the invasion of his field by anyone who does not carry his Ph. D. and his accredited monograph. And he in turn will not venture into the field of another.

This is not meant to be an indictment of a class. It is as true of other social scientists as of agricultural economists; it is perhaps more characteristic of workers in the physical sciences than of those in the social disciplines. Experts in literature and art are often as blandly complacent about their ignorance of science. There are, however, an increasing number of exceptions, and these exceptions include most of the really brilliant men in every field. Which proves that exclusiveness is not necessary to obtain a thorough knowledge of one subject. But the philosophy that lies behind the parochialism influences many a man who has, himself, ranged more widely.

Mr. Ashby's argument is indeed heretical; it shakes the very bedrock of what has been the universal scientific faith, at least in this country—which is, utter impartiality and objectivity. A scientist may be candid, but he cannot escape the stream of life. You cannot successfully departmentalize such things as knowledge, policy and values. Knowledge is not knowledge unless its composite relations and arrangements are dictated by some sense of value. Otherwise the scientist would not know where to look for his facts or how to array them. Policies are not relevant unless they are informed by detailed knowledge, and knowledge, at least in the social sciences, inevitably leads to discussion of policy. Ends stated in too abstract terms are not ends at all. They are words, into which each who uses them must and will put his own meaning. All this was plain throughout the agricultural conference. The expressed doctrine of the orthodox who objected to Mr. Ashby's thesis was at variance with their practice. Scientists simply cannot be impartial. At the very least, they must bestow their blessing upon what is. And such an unthinking bestowal, one infers, was just what Mr. Ashby wanted to challenge.

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Is the End of Fascism in Sight?

NOON SUNLIGHT glared down upon the the Corso Umberto. Across the street—we were sitting around an iron table under the awning at Aragno's—a decidedly wilted *metropolitano* was making a half-hearted effort to enforce the municipal ordinance which requires pedestrians to walk to the left.

"A sinistra signori, favorisca a sinistra," he chanted without any conviction, pointing his white baton to the left where the pavement was being baked by blazing Roman sunlight. One by one the passers-by half-circled into the street around him and continued to walk in the shade. Another policeman, more pompous but equally ineffectual, stood at the crossing of the *via delle Convertite* waving his baton this way and that as motorcars again and again snarled into jams, their petulantly honking horns quarreling with the cries of boys hawking first editions of the Tevere and Piccolo.

"Order and discipline," Pietro remarked suddenly. "The gifts of Fascism. We have traffic rules, we walk to the left, our trains run on time. These are the victories, the glorious victories of our Napoleon, these and the battle of Corfu. . . ."

"Ah, but you forget," Carlo interjected, "that Fascism has conquered us, the Italian people. *Che bella conquista! Che trionfo magnifico!* The Italian people lies at Mussolini's feet as it has lain at the feet of some dictator or other for hundreds of years. We who are reputed to be unruly, rebellious, intractable, are docile. We obey, we always live by compromise. I am amused to think that the Fascists swallow without chewing their formula of order and discipline. As if we who have had the Romans and the Roman church needed to take lessons from German philosophers and French political theoreticians. We have been orderly so long that we have learned how to make bargains. We are not democrats, but we never shall be slaves of any State. We obey with the lips, we take what we can and we never endanger that much for something more."

"Do you want us to?" Mario asked. "There is nothing beautiful about sacrifice. I have but one life. I want to enjoy it as much as I can, to suffer as little as I can. The genius of our race is of man, not of men, of life now, not dreams and hopes of tomorrow. My complaint against Fascism is that it takes part of my life, and offers in exchange some vague and dubious hope of betterment for my grandchildren. It is essentially romantic. It makes the mistake of believing that we respect authority merely because it is authority, that we stand in awe of the policeman, that we can be reached by a policeman's appeal to sacrifice; it forgets that we are too Catholic to kneel in front of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, too Latin to appreciate the delights of some metaphysical theory of the State, too intelligent to believe in triumphs of diplomacy which bring no booty, too *furbo* to give something for nothing."

"We," said Pietro, turning to me, "are a people of paradox. We are a people of intense and rich individuality which survives, perhaps even profits by, an apparently slavish conformity to the passing will of any authority strong enough to maintain itself. But strength itself is not enough. Authority must justify itself, must foster in some way the life of the individual here and now. Our loss of liberty under Fascism is of little importance. We never had much of it. But Fascism has given us nothing in exchange. At least the Church let us keep our sins and promised us life everlasting. Even *Re Bomba* gave the Neapolitans their fireworks. And the medieval dictators seldom forgot that Juvenal was writing of Italians when he said: *duas tantum res anxius optat, panem et circenses.*

"In the early days of Fascism there was speech-making, blowing of trumpets and parading. Mussolini intoxicated the people and was intoxicated by them. Now we know the promises are empty. We hear too much of sacrifice. Fascism is weakening because it gives us too little bread, too little amusement, because its fireworks are not amusing. We would prefer some quieter excitement than this talk of war with France or Jugoslavia. Such fireworks are unsafe. Besides they are far too expensive. In Italy we are not dying of hunger but we are living on hunger. It cannot continue."

Pietro, Mario and Carlo are fictitious names, but the human beings they cloak exist. They are among dozens of Italians with whom I spoke early this summer. In 1928 when I left Italy after four years residence there, Fascism seemed to be a permanent institution. In 1930 I found a large number of Italians convinced that the end is in sight.

Despite the contrary opinion of Italian anti-Fascists living abroad, the elements now present in Italy militating against the continuance in power of the Fascist regime do *not* constitute a moral force opposed to an immoral power, nor a moral force opposed to a different moral force. The struggle is not on a plane of ideation or idealism. The intellectual concepts, the political theories and the moral pretentions of Fascism, all for the most part synthetized *a posteriori* from various and varying sources, have no effective validity except for the nationalist leaders and for a relatively small number of theoreticians among the Fascists, used as justifying foils by the actual masters of the machine. Similarly, the theories—except for the classic ones

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of the Communists and Socialists—of the anti-Fascists have little effective value except for their appeal to liberals outside of Italy.

Fascism is less legal, but not less moral by empirical standards, than the system of government it replaced. Indeed, Fascism has on the broad plane of politics had the virtue of accomplishing two results of historical importance: it has overridden regionalism to create a necessary centralization of government with its corollaries of simplification and greater material efficiency; and it has by the very thoroughness of its oppression brought into the orbit of national politics a far greater proportion of the population than had ever before been concerned with their government and their own citizenship.

These virtues—meager among many vices—are closely related to the sources of Fascism's undoing. In 1930 Fascism is on the wane because the promises of 1926 and 1928 no longer have value as currency among the larger politically minded potential electorate created by the regime's centralizing processes —because Fascism has shot its bolt and has fallen far short of the mark in both domestic and international projects, because Fascism has failed to isolate Italy from foreign influences enough to hide its revival of the worst Bourbon, the most benighted Metternichian methods of oppression, because Fascism's supposed destruction of the "class war" is completely fraudulent, because Fascism is inviting an international adventure which most Italians believe must end in disaster, and because Italy is for the first time in its history a politically united people which, through deprivation, has learned the meaning of citizenship.

In 1930 Fascism is suffering from its destruction of all opposition. The anti-Fascists have learned during these last few years how to organize without creating an organization, how to oppose without being an opposition. They need no propaganda because Fascism furnishes all they require and more. In a social organization poisoned by spying and counter-spying, rumors and counter-rumors, they are able to oppose secret forces to secret forces, counter-intrigue to intrigue.

Opponents of Fascism face a tragic dilemma in the threat of war with Jugoslavia or France or both. There is no question in their minds of the justice of Italy's case. Many object to the methods and goals of the Palazzo Chigi under Mussolini and Grandi, but few fail to agree that justice lies with Italy in the running quarrel with a France which dominates Europe as Germany did before 1914.

If Mussolini should precipitate a war with France, if his fiery and irresponsible followers should force him into it or if it should merely "happen," the anti-Fascists would not be defeatists. Naturally they dread such an awful decision. They do not believe there is any reason for war against France or any other nation. More important, they—and their number includes generals of the army—do not believe Italy can win a war against France. Perhaps a defensive war against Jugoslavia could be won. Beyond that there is grave doubt.

Naturally, therefore, Mussolini talks of war. It is certain that he does not want it. He is too well aware of the prospects of failure and disaster. Besides, even if a war were victorious, it would not help him because he is no military genius. Picture Mussolini greeting an Italian general returning as a conquering hero from the front.

The Italian people does not want war. Unlike the French, it is not militaristic. The Italian fights best in the medieval fashion, as a man, rather than as a unit among men and machines. The army does not want war. For years now, officers have been forced to watch the creation of a Fascist militia, a party organization, which has consistently been favored at their expense.

But Mussolini is forced to beat the drums of war. All of his "victories" on the domestic field have dwindled into nothingness. The economic battle, the financial battle, the political battle, the moral battle, even the battle of the babies, all have been lost or have been pyrrhic victories.

In Milan, on May 24, Mussolini said that the economic situation of Italy "is no worse than that of other countries." And millions of Italians could have asked: "Have we paid with our bitter sacrifices, with our loss of all the pleasant amenities of human existence, with all our other sufferings, to achieve something which is 'no worse' than that of other countries?"

The truth is that the situation is very bad. Fascism has failed precisely where it had hoped to succeed, that is, on the material side.

No one who knows Italy can doubt that Fascism has achieved notable apparent successes in improving and modernizing the productive instrumentalities and processes of the nation. Much of this work had been projected or planned before Fascism, but it remained for Fascism to accomplish it.

To avoid a lengthy catalogue let us say that Fascism has raised the level of efficiency more than any previous government.

This is not the place for an exhaustive analysis of Fascism's financial and economic woes. The essential point is that Fascism's apparent benefits are more than canceled by the results of other inefficiencies; by its disregard for sound principles and its tendency to try by force to bolster up unsound ideas.

But what has Fascism resulted in? From the political point of view Fascism is digging its own grave. The average Italian is working twice as hard as he did before and he receives less bread for all his labors. And the Italians are not interested in pie in the sky when they die.

PERCY WINNER.

Another article on Italy by Mr. Winner will be published shortly in The New Republic. It will discuss the circumstances in which a collapse of Fascist dictatorship might occur.—THE EDITORS.

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The Goose Step at West Point

MORE GLAMOR surrounds the Military Academy at West Point than surrounds any other school in the United States. Due perhaps to this romantic aura of mystery and adulation almost nothing is known about the real training to which the cadets are subjected there and about the effect this training has upon the young men who enter this so-called educational institution.

The Military Academy exists solely to train young men to become officers in the United States army. An army officer, as conceived by the authorities at West Point, is a unit in a machine for war. In times of peace an army officer may be a diplomatic attaché or be employed in a variety of other ways. However, war and the battlefield are what the officer is trained for, and the whole duty of the officer under all circumstances is to carry out the orders given him by his superiors.

West Point was founded in the good old "theirs-but-to-do-and-die" days, before "souplesse" —a method of training that develops initiative in the soldier—was developed. It is logical, then, that West Point should avowedly strive to develop a type of mental reaction that will not "reason why," but will blindly obey orders from above. Such is the major aim of our Military Academy and there is no school in the country that achieves its purpose so effectively.

Training in unthinking acceptance of things as they are begins as soon as the boy arrives at West Point. He is given a copy of "Bugle Notes," the West Point "Bible." In this little handbook of the Military Academy is an address to the incoming class which contains this sentence, "You must first see to it that little 'you' fits himself into the system of West Point and not try to change the system to fit you. Great men like Grant, Lee, Pershing and others could not change that system in spite of the fact that they later changed other systems—even to the course of a nation."

Immediately upon arrival there also begins the training in automatic obedience to one in a superior position. The new men are known as "beasts" and are herded together in barracks under the direct charge of upper-class cadets. The "beasts" must obey the commands of the upper-classmen, and when carrying out orders the "beasts" are not allowed to walk—they must run. After two months of monotonous drilling in the heat of a West Point summer, academic work begins and the "beasts" become "plebes."

An important element in the West Point training is the teasing of the "beasts" and "plebes" by the upper-classmen. During the time a cadet is a "beast" he is subjected to all sorts of petty humiliation and ragging. He is continually ordered to "brace" by his older classmates. "Pull in your chin, throw out your chest and suck in your guts." Bracing frequently becomes extremely painful. In times of relaxation the "beast" or "plebe" is often hailed before a group of his "superiors" and baited. His personal idiosyncrasies and secret pride are hunted down and ridiculed. He is made to repeat ridiculous phrases or poems:

> All right for the lights?
> What mine, sir? They twinkle as the stars above, they glimmer as the glowworm glowing in the grass beneath. Ah yes, a handsome man and I don't give a damn. Hurrah for the lights that shine in the night! All right for the lights, sir.

Few cadets come out of "beast barracks" and "plebe year" with much desire to do their own thinking. By the end of "plebe year" the first process in the manufacture of the unit for the war machine is completed. Initiative and individuality have been replaced by a fear of ridicule and punishment. The instinct of alert youth to question has been crushed.

The purpose of making war-machine units is kept steadily in mind all four years at the Military Academy and the daily routine is arranged with this end in view. "What shall I wear?" is never a problem for the West Point cadet. In only two matters of dress has he any choice. The "Regulations for the Interior Police and Discipline of the U. S. Corps of Cadets" in a burst of generosity tells him that he may wear a nightshirt instead of pajamas, and that he may choose between "winter underwear and summer drawers." Moreover, "the bathrobe, buttoned throughout, may be worn while passing through the halls on the way to or returning from the baths," and at reveille, "in case of rain, the raincoat may be worn." An elaborate system of flags hung from the North Guardhouse every morning designates the proper uniform for each day, even going so far as to tell him whether or not he should don his rubbers.

Countless other regulations cover in unbelievable detail every possible action in the life of the cadet during his four years at West Point.

The following are quoted from the aforementioned regulations for 1929:

> 1.03 A cadet shall not sit in a parked automobile.
> 5.04 Cadets may play phonographs, read as a recreation, attend to personal correspondence, or play cards, only during "release from quarters." [That is, between a quarter past four and a quarter past six, and on Saturday evenings.]

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22.13 Cadets may draw water at any time. They may not wash or brush their teeth in the halls between 8.00 a. m. and 10.30 a. m.

22.14 Cadets may bathe at any time between reveille and taps, daily, and from 7.15 p. m. to 9.00 p. m. on nights when the usual study hours are required. After taps, a cadet may visit the the toilet only for unforeseen emergencies, and may remain but ten minutes unless more time is absolutely necessary.

The regulations even prescribe the places where the cadet must put his clothes and toilet articles. He must, for example, hang his bath towel, his bathrobe and his laundry bag on a certain hook; his night clothes and white sport shirt on another; and his gray shirts (two at most), his swimming trunks and damp white trousers on a third. He must place his shoes in a straight line under his bed in the following order: overshoes, dress shoes and slippers. His textbooks, notebooks and pads in daily use are only tolerated on the back of his table and supported by book ends.

It is hard to see how such childish regulations could possibly turn young men into leaders, but their value in producing a standardized product to receive and pass on orders is obvious. The West Point authorities protest that these picayune regulations are necessary for discipline. But it is a notorious fact that army officers frequently go on the loose after they graduate from the Military Academy, which would indicate that the acclaimed "discipline" of West Point often does not result in the production of self-controlled men who continue to live up to a high standard of conduct when liberated from the fear of demerits. Why should it? Discipline imposed from without never develops the virtues it enforces. But unquestionably a youth who is forced to live for four years under rigid and minute regulations must of necessity lose his power of self-direction and sometimes even his mental balance.

The strain of life at our Military Academy brings many cadets to the verge of nervous collapse. In 1920 two cadets committed suicide. These tragedies aroused the authorities and Major H. N. Kerns, an army physician with training in psychiatry, was sent to West Point. Major Kerns, who resigned from the army and is now at Yale, declared at the annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association that although the corps of cadets is composed of "carefully selected adolescents, all in excellent physical health, living under conditions of ideal physical hygiene," yet, "during the spring and winter months nervous disorders are encountered second in frequency to acute respiratory diseases, while during the fall and summer seasons, they are outnumbered only by minor injuries incurred in outdoor athletics."

In as much as leisure and privacy are strong factors in the development of personality it is logical that the West Point cadet should be denied both. He may never be alone. "The cadet," writes Major Kerns, "must be a gregarious animal; there is perhaps no school in which the herd instinct makes such insistent demands. . . . Throughout the academic year the cadet's duties are so completely mapped out for him that there are few moments he may take for himself." After giving a detailed description of life at the Military Academy, Major Kerns continued, "West Point is a fertile field for incipient nervous disorders. No system can take a group of young men, dress them alike, teach them alike, drill them alike, and grind them through the same machine without breaking a few."

Instruction, too, is completely standardized and probably represents the last survival in the United States of the "hammer and tongs" era in pedagogy. The curriculum includes only those subjects which are considered necessary to an efficient unit of the army machine. Every cadet must take the entire curriculum and no cadet is permitted to study any subject not studied by every other cadet. No biological sciences are taught. Although it is continually drummed into the cadets' heads that they are being trained to lead men, psychology is barely touched upon. There are brief courses in history and English literature because an officer is supposed to cut a good figure in educated society. However, an interest in general culture is not encouraged. A cadet who was fond of literature once said, "If I were not on the hockey team the other cadets would think I ought to wear long hair and kimonos, because I like to read good stuff."

The instructors at West Point are army officers who know nothing of teaching, and have no interest in it. At the end of a four-year detail at the Military Academy all instructors, except the heads of certain departments, go back to their military duties. Consequently, West Point instructors, except in rare instances, have no more profound knowledge of the subjects they are supposed to teach than they acquired while they were cadets at the Military Academy. The authorities had to go outside the army to find someone to head the department of Economics, History and Government. When a man to head the English department was needed, an Episcopalian clergyman was found and raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Classes are broken up into small sections of about twelve men. The reason for this is not that discussion may be developed and the minds of the students stimulated, but rather that every cadet may recite each day. In this way every cadet learns every lesson—learns it by rote from the textbook—and recites it every day to an officer whose duty it is under War Department regulations to hear this lesson and to give the cadet each day a mark that varies according to the manner in which the recitation approximates the "law and the gospels," namely, the West Point textbooks. These textbooks have all been written by West Point professors strictly for the consumption of West Point

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cadets. They are taken as the only and final authority in their respective fields. To question their authority is a breach of discipline.

Until 1928, no cadet was allowed within the library doors except during the short period of release from quarters, which was also the only time cadets had to write letters, visit, relax and attend to their personal affairs. In 1928, after long effort, the professor of Economics, History and Government, a graduate of Yale, finally persuaded the academic board to allow first classmen to visit the library "at any time the library is open," provided that said first classmen were "proficient in all academic work." First classmen behind in their studies, and all the other three classes, may not visit the library except for a short period each day! In December, 1928, the same professor succeeded in getting permission to hold certain classes in the library and to allow the cadets to use the books there during these classes.

However, all the results of their instruction and discipline would probably be vitiated if the cadets were allowed to come into contact with the world outside. Consequently isolation is one of the most important factors in the West Point training. The cadet arrives in July and may not leave until Christmas of the following year. During the remainder of the course he gets ten days every Christmas and one furlough of two and one-half months. During his senior year he may get an occasional twenty-four-hour pass. With these exceptions, he must stay within "cadet limits" on the West Point reservation for four years. He can receive visitors at certain times, but only under rigid conditions.

Thus, for four impressionable years the cadet is shut away from the world on a military reservation. The only life he sees is the artificial, abnormal one of an army post, with its unhealthy stratification by rank and its great gulf between officer and enlisted man. After graduation the cadet does not go out into the world, but is sent to another army post. He has no opportunity to learn of the conditions that surround men in the complex social structure of today. How, then, can the cadet become a sympathetic leader of men? Cadets are frequently told they will be called upon to represent their nation. Yet the training they receive at West Point leaves them completely ignorant of the conditions in the United States and the world at large.

When the representatives of the Military Academy ask for higher appropriations, they always stress the peace-time or civil use of West Point graduates. They point out the fact that while only one officer out of four in the present army has been graduated from the Military Academy, yet one-half of these West Pointers are not with troops, but are employed in military-civil or purely civil tasks. If the West Pointer is to be used more and more in civilian duties it seems unfortunate that he is formed so exclusively for the war machine.

However, the mass production of army officers goes on. For more than a century the governing powers of the United States Military Academy have bent every effort to perfect a system of training that will crush any attempt at self-expression on the part of the cadet. They aim to destroy every trace of independent thinking and seek to cast him in the form of the traditional army officer—a man cherishing an attitude toward life that belongs to the dark ages. He is totally ignorant of modern trends in thought, undeveloped emotionally, motivated by set prejudices and burdened with a naïve belief in his own importance. If there is any real glamor around West Point, it is the questionable and mournful glamor that ever surrounds the sacrifice of youth to the gods of war.

MARGERY BEDINGER.

Cross Section of the Rural Mind

FARMERS who used to walk to their work are riding now, and riding hard. Their feet hop clods no longer, but poise on steel and govern the beat of powerful and complicated machines. Changes like that may be assumed to stir up new patterns and new processes in the mind. And other exterior changes, too apparent to need listing, are at work to sharpen rural thinking and to alter profoundly the traditional rural resentments and mores.

City comforts, city standards of living, city diversions and excitements and gimcracks, have pressed out into the hinterland and have been, on the whole, ecstatically received. Do these things bring with them city standards of thought and conduct? Is the whole country going citified? Are our background people really changing their minds?

Answers to such questions lie beyond reach of material statistics. The best one can do is to collect opinions and sort them out. The editors of The Country Home—a national magazine established in 1877 as Farm and Fireside—lately gathered and sorted opinions prevailing in 1,400,000 farm and small-town homes.

We arranged in ballot form a two-page questionnaire, and bound it into two successive issues of the magazine. At the top of the ballot we placed those questions that we knew from our mail would stir up the widest interest and response. Dangling bait thus over all of rural America, we hoped to

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elicit expressions of attitudes that would be a true sample of the whole.

Such a method holds an obvious promise, and one curiously neglected, for the collection of social data on a wide scale. But it has also an obvious disadvantage beyond the inherent distortions that limit the value of questionnaires in general. When you print a ballot in a newspaper or magazine and so distribute it, you attract response from the more mature and serious-minded of your readers, and fall short in the same measure of obtaining answers from that more blithe and perhaps not unreasonable part of the populace who must, in the face of questionnaires, be held and compelled.

We got around that as best we could. Our ballot wore, typographically, no cap and gown. In black type an inch high, it was headed:

Ballot and Entry Blank

FORUM & AG'IN 'EM NATIONAL REFERENDUM ON PUBLIC AND PRIVATE QUESTIONS

with mention immediately thereunder of a grand $4-a-word Tel-America Contest, with a twenty-five-word message blank attached.

The public questions, so-called, sought straight yes-and-no reactions as to cigarettes, farm relief, prohibition, the drift to cities, the little red schoolhouse, corporation farming, divorce and birth control.

"Private questions" were those that angled for information useful in a projected modernization of the magazine. Partly on the basis of the finding and partly by editorial intuition, the magazine has since shifted its emphasis from farming for profit and placed it upon the more generally accessible values of country living. Hereafter, also, its general articles will be less exclusively economic and more often concerned—in a manner altogether popular—with social relationships.

Sent twice, as described, into the paper's 1,400,000 homes—seven-tenths of which are on farms or in towns of less than 10,000—our questionnaire drew a response from about one home in every hundred. A total of 13,431 ballots was received in time for tally.

Sixty-six percent of the answers bore R. F. D. addresses. The actual proportion of farm response was somewhat higher, for a certain number of farmers will always consider it unnecessary to add an R. F. D. to their post-office address.

The vote came almost exactly three-fifths from women, two-fifths from men. Male readers inclined to rush their ballots in quickly after each distribution of the magazine, while the women held off, as a rule, for a week or more. This raised a slight difference in the decisions of the vote from thousand to thousand, but all such differences quickly leveled off, and the count revealed from the first a repetitive like-mindedness which was almost uncanny.

This would perhaps seem true in any event to compilers such as ourselves, amateur statisticians, more or less unfamiliar with the leveling influence of the law of averages. But the dominating general impression that we drew from our compiling, all of which we performed laboriously with chart and pencil, was this: Standardization of opinion has seized to a noteworthy and depressing extent upon the entire rural area of the United States.

This was rather more than a general impression. The tides of the mail, day by day, should theoretically have shown regional differences: Monday's mail from the Atlantic seaboard, Tuesday's from the corn belt, Wednesday's from the next tiers west, and so on. All such differences were so inconsiderable as to pass unseen in the routine course of compilation. And successive counts, concretely recorded at the end of each thousand ballots, echoed and reëchoed the lack of change.

The vote on the first thousand ballots, for example, came at all points to within 7 percent of the total vote of 13,431. Even this small difference was largely due, it would seem, to minor sex differences as to what is funny, what is interesting, the propriety of easier divorces, the legalizing of birth control.

The average age of all voters ran slightly under forty. Fewer than 6 percent of the ballots came from readers under eighteen. Only about one percent of the voters filled out their ballots erratically, incorrectly or illegibly. Hardly more than one in a thousand showed any tendency to whimsical or frivolous retort.

Secondary impressions that remained with a compiler after days of tallying have, perhaps, as much value as the concrete percentage findings. You felt, at any rate, almost with a sense of personal presence, the painstaking serious mindedness of all these people and their genuine desire to answer all questions honestly and helpfully. If you had ever given college examinations, you especially appreciated their zeal and intelligence in sticking to an overelaborate questionnaire until they understood exactly what each question meant. And perhaps above all, at the end, you felt that this serious mindedness, this air of anxious conscience at the slightest hint of having a good time for its own sake, is certainly a trait of the old ruralism that has been, in view of all the headlong exterior changes in American country life, slow to yield.

The total vote on "public questions" was as follows:

DISTRICT SCHOOLS

For: I favor the local control of public schools by district or township boards elected from among the citizens of that township or district.	6,118 (49%)
Against: I favor taking control of educational policies out of the hands of local boards of citizens and adopting a county unit of control with all schools in the county under the control of people who have made education their life work.	6,220 (51%)

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CONSOLIDATION

For: I favor the consolidation of rural schools wherever consolidation is possible. 9,460 (78%)

Against: I am against consolidation. 2,593 (22%)

FEWER FARMERS

For: I think that the drift of population from farm to cities will lead in time to a relative scarcity of food and higher crop prices, and will be a good thing for agriculture. 4,922 (41%)

Against: I think that the drift to town will weaken agriculture's bargaining power and its voice in national affairs, and is a bad thing for agriculture. 7,030 (59%)

TOBACCO ADVERTISING

For: I believe that farm papers and magazines have a right to print advertisements that encourage:

(a) The use of tobacco in general. 4,866 (42%)

(b) The use of cigarettes. 2,764 (28%)

(c) The use of cigarettes by women. 1,785 (16%)

Against: I believe that farm papers and magazines should NOT print advertisements that encourage:

(a) The use of tobacco in general. 6,775 (58%)

(b) The use of cigarettes. 7,082 (72%)

(c) The use of cigarettes by women. 9,666 (84%)

TOBACCO

For: I believe that the growth and sale of tobacco is a legitimate business and that any farmer who wants to grow and sell it has a right to do so. 7,683 (65%)

Against: I believe that every farm which grows tobacco should stop growing it. 3,999 (35%)

PROHIBITION

For: I favor the existing federal prohibition laws and believe that they should be enforced to the letter. 9,792 (78%)

Against: I favor amendment or repeal. 2,607 (22%)

"CORPORATION FARMING"

For: I believe that the present trend toward large-scale industrialized farms, under company or corporate ownership or control, is sound and desirable. 1,900 (20%)

Against: I believe that the family-size farm, family owned and operated, is the sounder proposition. 7,827 (80%)

"RELIEF"

For: I favor—

(a) The Export Debenture plan (indirect payment of a government bounty on designated farm exports). 1,084 (10%)

(b) The Stabilization plan, as now enacted, including a Federal Farm Board with wide powers. 4,429 (40%)

Against: I have no confidence in any laws to "relieve" agriculture. 5,612 (50%)

DIVORCE

For: I believe that divorce laws should be changed so that it will be possible for married couples to separate on grounds of incompatibility after a reasonable period of trial. 2,389 (19%)

Against: I am opposed to making divorce easier to obtain. 10,070 (81%)

BIRTH CONTROL

For: I believe that doctors should be permitted legally to impart knowledge of birth-control methods to married couples who apply jointly for such information. (By "birth control" is meant not abstinence from normal marital relations, but the employment of artificial preventives by which the conception of children is limited to the number desired.)[1] 8,228 (67%)

Against: I am against birth control. 4,019 (33%)

The one astonishing departure from the old-fashioned standards is recorded in the last item. The basis of this vote may be economic. Time was, not so long ago, when an unlimited number of children, especially boys, was definitely a cash asset to a farm family. A farmer with six strong boys was almost certain to prosper. In this day, however, of power plows, combines and tractors, four of those boys—and maybe five—will probably not be needed, and will be forced to work in town. The family has the expense of raising them, and the pain of losing them, only to swell the pay roll of occupations perhaps already overcrowded and the census totals of cities already intolerably thronged. Unlimited farm families are no longer a good investment.

And unlimited families have never, if one may guess, been popular with women. On a test group of 1,000 ballots picked at random, women showed around 5-percent greater interest in birth-control methods than men. Also, a considerable number of women wrote long letters to accompany their ballots, letters that expressed, in effect, this view: Birth control is as necessary to improved social conditions in the open country as is the removal of crop surpluses to a permanently improved economic condition.

There is, again, this supposition, not expressed in any of the answers, but plausible: Day in and day out, it is the function of farming people to "interfere with the normal course of nature." With their crops and with their livestock they follow biological principles of limitation not far removed

[1] This explanation was printed on the ballot because it had been found, in previous letter-column discussions of birth control, that hundreds of farm wives did not know what the phrase meant.

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in purpose from that of birth control. Country people appear, in any event, not at all horrified at the idea of controlling the procreation of human beings. Of the 1,400,000 homes which received this questionnaire, only two canceled their subscriptions when the subject came up—and these two, it so happened, were in small towns.

Finally, there is the not implausible theory of one of the survey's compilers: "They hear that the Catholics are ag'in it," he said, "and that settles it!"

Except as to schools, where the trend is strongly away from district standards, the attitude which this survey records will seem to metropolitan readers pitifully reactionary. For the most part it is reactionary, but perhaps not so overwhelmingly so as the bare figures indicate. Rural indifference, for instance, to farm relief arises, probably, not so much from a feeling that such proposals are radical, as from a conviction that they are futile. This vote proves even more emphatically how far from a compact class consciousness is agriculture as compared with labor. It also reflects agriculture's curious comparative disinterest in money matters, an attitude that comes more than once to the surface in the course of the survey.

The votes on tobacco and divorce reveal peaks of illiberality that will to metropolitan readers seem stupendous and almost unbelievable. Well, there they stand, these peaks, but with no comparative data, unfortunately, as to their urban equivalents. It still remains for some popular magazine with a large city circulation to investigate the prejudices of the Man on the Street and report the result. So long as that is lacking, one may be easily misled into too glib generalizations about "rural mindedness," so perhaps we had better go on into our data without prejudgment.

What interests these 13,431 country people who vote four out of five against divorce on grounds of incompatibility; four out of five for prohibition, as is; four out of five against cigarette advertisements of any description?

Given a list of twenty-one topics, the reader was asked to choose three. These topics were shuffled together without designation, but ten of them had to do with making more money from farming, and ten with questions of better living in its more or less general aspects. One topic was intermediate, "National questions relating to agriculture."

The total vote on each of the ten related topics reveals this distribution of interest: 22,198 votes (or 70 percent of all), for articles about living; 10,600 votes for articles about making a living.

The first six topics, in order of reader preference, were: Horizons (a page of world events and modern thought), 4,301 votes; Child Training, 3,473 votes; Youth, 3,220 votes; National Questions Relating to Agriculture, 2,832 votes; Crops and Soils, 2,585 votes; Sermons, 2,535 votes.

To which compare: Farm Machinery, 1,117 votes; Fruit, 490 votes; Hogs, 280 votes; Horses, 179 votes.

Such findings run counter to the most thoroughly established ideas as to what makes suitable reading material for farmers. The vote indicates, probably, that country people are fed up on explicit advice. They are so oversupplied as to hold it cheap. The same experts who told them to grow more now advise them to grow less, and that is a little confusing. Besides, all such talk, particularly during the last ten years, has made remarkably little difference at the end of each year. When crops are grown at a loss a man can save money by going fishing. That philosophy has in some measure taken hold. And there is among country people a desire to be approached simply as people and not always as producers of food.

In a measure, it should be added, reader demands upon a national monthly are probably more general than they would be upon a regional or state farm weekly. Because of its limited territory and frequency of issue, the more local farm paper is more nearly able to tell its people just what to do, and when. But even in these papers the trend is away from the technical. The demands and interests of country people become manifestly more general, more like urban demands and interests, each year.

The "Tel-America Messages," at first given ballot room simply to provide a contest element and so to attract a more representative response, provided some of the most interesting implications of the survey.

I have mentioned, I believe, that lulling sense of repetition which a perusal of the ballots aroused. In reading and judging the "Tel-America Messages," attached to the end of the ballot, this sensation became intensified until—despite occasional notable interruptions—you felt as if you were riding a sort of mental merry-go-round, forever passing the same landmarks, signs and symbols. It was rather like marking English papers, but on a far more magnificent scale.

Then dawned the thought that, with an outline not so diffuse as to be useless, these messages representing the present leading preoccupations of the American countryside might be sorted into some kind of order and "findings" derived.

The question which called for these messages ran thus: *"If you were given twenty-five words in which to place before all America the thought that you feel most needs to be emphasized throughout all America at this time, what would you say?"*

Now granting to begin with that persons so besought incline quite blamelessly toward serious-minded pomposity, the fact remains that their answers provide a pretty fair index to the things pressing hardest at the back of their minds.

This, then, is my classification of 2,593 out of some 2,700 "Tel-America Messages," taken at random. I kept on with it until it became apparent

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that to push on further would alter little, if at all, the proportions of choice.

Sixty percent said, in effect:

"HOLD FAST!"

(1) To God.....22 percent
(2) To the Old Moralities. (As opposed to easier divorce, modern feminine fashions, Sunday amusements, flaming youth, cigarettes, birth control, dancing, etc.).....15 percent
(3) To Old Ways. (Pastoral simplicity as opposed to machine-age farming; big-navy insularity as opposed to world courts, etc.; polite, subdued children as oposed to self-confident, blustering youth; self-denial as opposed to credit or instalment buying, etc.).....8 percent
(4) To Prohibition.....15 percent

Forty percent said:

"CHANGE!"

(5) Economically, to new attitudes and measures .....15 percent
  (a) "We must do it ourself." (Better farming methods; coöperation in marketing; an agriculture nationally organized for economic aggression, etc.).....8 percent
  (b) From Without. (Through a changed attitude of industry toward agriculture; through tax revision; by the introduction of capital and of corporate methods into farming; by a changed land policy with reforestation and abandonment of marginal farms; by outright farm-relief measures and appropriations, etc.) .....7 percent
(6) Socially, to new attitudes and new measures. .....25 percent
  (a) In the Home. (The new morality of child training for self-expression, etc.; voluntary parenthood by birth control; voluntary matrimony by means of easier, less expensive and less scandalous divorce laws; effort against agriculture's tendency as a business to invade and take possession of all spaciousness and leisure in the farm home and in the life of the family.).....5 percent
  (b) In the Community. (Better schools, better roads, and better traffic laws; more community feeling and beautification. Denominational mergers and other methods of improving the church, etc.).....11 percent
  (c) Individuality. (Emancipation from pettiness, greater tolerance.).....7 percent
  (d) Throughout the World. (Arbitration, world courts, world peace.).....2 percent

Comparison of 300 messages from readers under the age of thirty with an equal number from readers above that age, showed the younger people to be about 10-percent less ready to "Hold Fast," and a test group of 500 messages sorted by age groups indicated that age brought a constantly increasing preoccupation with God and the Moralities. Of voters still in their twenties, only 19 percent put God and Morality first; in the thirties, 32 percent so reacted; in the forties, 33 percent; in the fifties, 44 percent; and above sixty, 86 percent.

Comparison of rural and urban messages—300 from cities, 300 from small towns, and 300 from farms—indicated similar variations. Of the city messages, 30 percent said, "Hold Fast to God and the Old Moralities"; 43 percent of those from small towns took this stand, and only 35 percent of those from the farms. The number of messages so sorted and tallied is too few for fixed decisions, but the bulge at the central figure has probably a basis in fact. After reading the 13,431 "Tel-America Messages," the three judges gave it as their impression that the closest hold of militant Puritanism is upon the people of very small towns.

Note, finally, the relatively slight interest in money matters displayed by the farming people as compared to the nation as a whole. Here is a class, or what is commonly thought of as a class, in the throes of economic maladjustment and presumably filled with pent-up grievances. Yet, given outlet for their sentiments, with some promise of a national hearing, something like 85 percent of them talk about other matters.

It seems to me that most of the little that can usefully be said on the subject of "the rural psychology" is derived from this statement: These people are not farming, primarily, for money. They are farming for a home, the sort of home which can be said no longer to exist in the cities of America or even in the larger towns. The farm and village family still remains a family in the old-time sense of that word. Around this remnant clusters its pride, and its militant fear of those forces that are disrupting the city family and the city home.

American country people have welcomed material progress. They have quickened and altered their working and living habits, and have altered some of their attitudes. They seem, for one thing, almost solidly acquiescent nowadays to the idea of monopoly and to the general dogma of national prosperity. Against the greater part of the "new" social morality, however, they stand over-apprehensively on guard. They fear it and hate it; they have absolutely no time for it. They will not, if they can help it, let such ideas take root in their homes.

The irritating part of it, of course, is that they incline in such matters not simply to rise in defense; they try at times to enforce their standards upon other people. This leads to a good deal of hard feeling, but farmers are really in this respect no more to be wondered at than the cockney rebels against agricultural puritanism who would have remotely artistic and intellectual standards govern plain people the nation over.

My analysis may be amateurish, but the moral indignation of the farms against the shallowness and showiness of the cities on the one hand, and the cities' intellectual contempt for the farms' rugged virtues and pretensions on the other, seem

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to me after all pretty much of one piece. Both are rooted, I think, in the defensive scorn one cherishes toward the things one has not, or is not; and both develop rapidly from defensive scorn to an offensive illusion of superiority.

With the countryman, it is an illusion of moral superiority. He sees his home not only as a place to live but as a sort of outpost of our national character and of the integrity of our national life. He sees himself as standing for moralities which, however unattractive, have served mightily all these years to keep plain people hard at work and decent, and to hold this country on its course. He still stands, bigotry and all—each year, however, a little less confidently—for the old-time "God-is-a-guest-of-this-house" religion; a dogma intellectually deficient and poor in those things of softer beauty for which country women, particularly, increasingly and touchingly grope; but a dogma that still provides harassed, uncertain people with a shining goal of common attainment, and a set of rules, on the whole common-sensible, by which to live.

RUSSELL LORD.

The Image of Randolph Bourne

THERE are many ways of establishing how old a person is, and one of them is to mention the name of Randolph Bourne. I had the good fortune, a little while ago, to have tea at an Eastern girls' college with a group of very charming and able instructors: in the first blush of acquaintance, I took all four young women to be very nearly contemporaries. When Bourne's name happened to come up, I discovered that instead we had a cross section of American society, since the beginning of the Aufklärung of 1910.

The oldest instructor had known of Bourne when she was at college; she had heard him talk; his spirit was one of the encouraging emblems of her youth, and he represented for her that mingling of passionate resolve and critical inquiry which was the very spirit of youth in America in 1914. We nodded across the teacups to each other in sudden sympathy. I had grown up in that world, too, and can still remember a night of turbid clouds and distant flares in Schenley Park, Pittsburgh, when I paced back and forth pondering Bourne's prophetic words on the War in The Seven Arts—words that in two brief years were to be grimly justified by actuality. The thunder boomed that night, the rain pelted down, and the lightning struck in many unexpected places. Next morning there was an uprooted tree outside my boarding house and a sewer backed up into the street: that was somewhat prophetic, too, and may heaven forgive me for projecting this private microcosm upon the public events that followed. There were portents enough that spring to have affrighted an honest Roman; why, the northern lights even appeared for once in an age over Manhattan Island in red-white-and-blue streamers!

But I am forgetting Bourne. The next instructor, Miss W., was graduated in the class of 1918: she knew Randolph Bourne only by his books, and most of these she had read in the subsequent years. She valued him, she respected him, she knew the curiously central place he had occupied, despite his youth, in those stirrings of thought in America that had given birth to The Seven Arts and The Dial, and had affected personalities as various and incompatible as Mr. Van Wyck Brooks and Mr. Scofield Thayer, both of whom were his friends. But it was obvious that Miss W. had never carried Bourne next her heart, nor having been once acquainted with his work, had she been tempted to return to it again as Miss B., the first instructor, confessed to doing. The next instructor blushed a little guiltily: her blush made me feel aged. She had only heard of Bourne, had seen the backs of his books in the library, at most had opened a page or two and read no farther. She supposed that he must be very fine, but she really hadn't got around to him. He had written about politics, hadn't he? Her own field was art.

Already I saw the rime on Bourne's young grave, and with a little trepidation I turned to the beautiful girl who had remained silent. She still remained silent when I raised my eyebrows in question and then, with a little self-conscious laugh she said, "I belong to the class of 1926, and the truth is I never heard of Randolph Bourne until this very hour." These four young women, roughly four years apart in their respective graduation classes at college, had, it seemed, spanned the immediate limits of Randolph Bourne's immortality: from intimate worship to final ignorance. Bourne had apparently not survived even as the symbol of a decade, and yet he was surely that, that if nothing else, and if we had an active cultural tradition in America, he would at least have this particular place for many a year to come. Indeed, his importance here would become more apparent as the interest in his actual literary work diminished, became attenuated.

This procession of the generations—is it an evidence of the Machine Age in America that we call the lustrum a generation and talk about people ten years older than the newest arrivals as if they were remote worthies, hobbling and tottering to the grave?—this procession recurred to my mind the other day as the name of Bourne fell off the lips of an able young editorial adviser with whom I was having lunch. I was delighted to find that though he was a contemporary, perhaps, of Miss 1926, Bourne had for him achieved that stage of death which is preliminary to resurrection: there was no longer any living continuity here; Bourne's position was that of a classic, waiting to be rediscovered. He asked me how much of Bourne I thought was worth republishing, since all his writings are now out of print. That question was a poser: and it implies no lack of respect for Bourne's talents to say so. He had died at thirty-two, or was it thirty-three? on the brink of maturity; and there had been nothing precocious about his development: indeed, if I remember rightly, his physical handicaps had retarded it a little, and he left the university at a somewhat later age than most young men of equal intelligence.

What had Bourne done? He had written a series of commentaries upon life and letters in The New Republic, The Seven Arts, The Dial: he had begun a novel, he had written an opening draft for a book on the State. The essays had been collected in three volumes, and in addition there was an interpretative study of the Gary system in education. All of this work represented the very first quality

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in the journalism of ideas, but for the most part, it was still journalism. His view of life was maturing, deepening, not yet ready for rounded expression, it was still a promise: a cool luminous dawn was spreading across the skies, but the landscape was still in silhouette, and one could only guess what shapes, what vistas, what living creatures it might show and what inviting roads might lead away through it. Randolph Bourne was precious to us because of what he was, rather than because of what he had actually written: how could his especial significance be made clear to later *lustra* merely by putting within fresh covers his little heap of writings? More than once I had inquired about Bourne's letters, with a view to their publication in "The American Caravan"; it appeared that they were too meager in content to give any sufficient clue to his mind. One must perhaps therefore be content that his four slender volumes should diminish to one, which should hold the quintessence of his spirit, so far as he had yet expressed it: to keep that one book alive would be better than to let all four remain in the discard, forgotten by all except some curious mole, delving through the literature of 1910-1920, in search of a doctor's thesis. One volume is a small pledge of immortality, but it is some consolation to remember that personalities like Socrates, who have profoundly disturbed and affected mankind, left nothing behind them at all—nothing except their image of candor and virtue and sweetness and light. That, in a precious degree, was what Randolph Bourne left to his contemporaries. He will never occupy the place of a great teacher, but one feels that potentially he had exactly that office, and that in ten years, in twenty years, he would have distilled out of such pain and frustration as only a crippled man can know, a new image of beauty and perfection. Is it due to some callowness in our spirit, some raw jealousy or irreverence, that no poet has sought to embody the image of Randolph Bourne, if one except a commemorative poem by Mr. James Oppenheim, and his appearance as an incidental character in a novel by Miss Babette Deutsch. We want more than this. Just because his works are, when sifted and counted by time, so sparse in their own message, one wants someone to seize the proper magnitude of Randolph Bourne, and to give him, as a living image and symbol, some more durable means of existence. It was the good fortune of American society to produce this man. We must not toss that luck away.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Pioneers

Along this river the forefathers to beguile
Them, being inconceivably young, carved out
Deep hollows of memory on a river isle
Now lost; their murmurs but ghosts of a great shout

In the hollows where the forefathers
Without beards, their eyes bright and long,
Lay down at sunset by the green river
In the tall willows amid bird-song,

And the long sleep by the cool river
They've slept full and long: till now the air
Waits twilit for its echo; the burning shiver
Of August strikes, like a hawk, the crouching hare.

ALLEN TATE.

Serious Start

Torch Song, by Kenyon Nicholson. Plymouth Theater, August 27, 1930.

WHAT WOULD seem to be the serious beginning of this season appears with "Torch Song," Mr. Hopkins' new venture. It is a play with genuine material, American material that is full of an immediate life for us; the progress of the story has a fair degree of interest, the characters a good range and difference.

In the prologue we see a section of the balcony in the Paradise Rose Gardens, outside Cincinnati, on a summer night, a trellis with artificial roses, a bit of rough talk, a pair of girls, the waiter and two traveling-men patrons, this by way of setting. Howard Palmer, propped up by his friend, has come to tell Ivy, whom he has loved for a year or so, that he is going to change his ways and settle down. He is marrying his employer's daughter. He is unable, however, to bring himself to hurt her, and at his friend's insistence, leaves her a note with the waiter. In the next act we see the hotel lobby, Pomeroy, Ohio. Saturday night and nothing to do. The friend is there again, trying as usual to pick up a girl. There is also the older salesman, Cass Wheeler, less bored, less rampant, more philosophic by this time. A party is at last begun. Before they leave Ivy enters as one of the Salvation Army band that has been holding services in the town. Howard, after her fervent pleas for righteousness, drops out of the party, with Wheeler to take his place. Under the influence of Carl, the young worker in the Army, Ivy has gone into a sort of religious refuge and found peace; her singing and youth have been invaluable to the meetings. The hotel clerk, hearing from the friend that she and Howard have known each other before, puts them in adjoining rooms.

Rain drives the howling party into the hotel again; they first pay Howard a visit, during which Ivy comes in to help him. When they are gone, she tries to convert him to her faith, stays on, the inevitable arrives. Two hours later we see them, she is lost and wild; he, reversing positions, is repeating to her the arguments she had used on him, and is trying to save her for her religion. Everybody enters, and next morning the state of things is desperate, until Carl enters, tries, when he learns what has happened, to strangle Howard, and is prevented by the girl. With their sins on their heads the two of them are at last brought together, partly by Howard's urgency—he has seen that they are in love—and partly by the sobered goodness of Cass Wheeler. The story ends thus, with its own kind of happiness, and Howard next month is to be relieved of this traveling, to become a partner of his wife's father and live at home.

Such an outline of the story of "Torch Song" will give some idea of why it has worth-while possibilities, and also of why a manager like Mr. Hopkins, with his bias toward a certain underlying tragic complexity in drama, is persuaded to give his time and labor to its production. The whole story of the play is solid enough, the movement toward the conclusion is equally so. The shortcomings of "Torch Song" lie in its undeveloped and unfertilized imports; the chief meanings and dramatic turns in the plot need further richness and emphasis. The characters are

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drawn clearly and might stand as they are, with one exception: Carl, the Salvation Army worker, who has meant so much to Ivy and who is to conclude the play by being united to her, is left too much a mere outline of force and self-control. It is evident that he is full of sympathy and toleration, but to make the balance right at the final solution of the drama, where he steps into the leading place, we need more knowledge of his past, his struggles, his own inner drama. We feel, at the very end, that he has had some line in his life that parallels the course of the girl's, one way or another; but this whole figure remains only strong, or at least controlled, believing, determined. We are not sure just how dull he may be, how varied he is in feeling, or how much we are to care about him—and about the heroine herself—from this time on. The play's dénouement, which might easily be at the bottom quite right, becomes thus rather limp and merely pretty.

A kindred limitation, or sparseness, in dramatic realization blurs—and for some in the audience must practically destroy—a very interesting and highly dramatic motivation in the third act, the place at which the man, having broken away the foundations of the girl's new faith and reverted to their old relationship, changes his tune. The two hours are over, she feels the ground gone from under her feet, blasphemes her God, sets her mind on the Paradise Rose Gardens again; and Howard tries to save her. This scene must to some spectators seem very unlikely or casual or incidental. As a matter of fact, it is near the heart of the situation and a brilliant comment on the man's character. His passionate craze is relieved, his conscience takes control with the subsiding of his physical excitement, he has perceived Ivy's love, unknown to her, for Carl—she had kept crying out "Poor Carl!"—his mind is on the level with hers and easily takes the same terms that she had thought in. All that is needed is the author's own accentuation and stress, and the scene would become far more actable and telling in its effect. There is also a certain monotony in the reactions of the girl, as the act proceeds to its conclusion. In general we may say that the main shortcoming of "Torch Song" as a whole consists in this relation of the author to the story and the characters; I am not yet sure what he thinks of the people and of the pattern and plane of their lives. "Torch Song" remains an interesting sum of bona fide material, not fully written.

Of the actors everyone has heard how Mr. Guy Kibbee, a newcomer on Broadway, but not new to stock, vaudeville and motion pictures, has rather walked away with the show. He has a remarkably fat part, well written, well placed in the dramatic scheme. His performance is always capital. Miss Mayo Methot as Ivy Stevens and Mr. Reed Brown as Howard, play sincerely and convincingly. Miss Methot needs more restraint or rather variety in her intenser passages, more color to her role's simplicity. Mr. Brown has very evident acting qualities, one of which is a light but definite touch to what he does. In that crucial moment in the second act, what he wants to do is to study for a certain inner pressure, an inner heightening of feeling, a shift in emphasis, a quickening of the emotional rhythm; all of which is a difficult thing which I should not think of suggesting to any but an actor who shows the power to understand what it implies.

Mr. Cleon Throckmorton, who did the décor for "Torch Song," has to his credit some settings for a Negro revue two months ago that were full of gift, invention and delight. In his settings for this new piece he errs, I think, on the side of a tradition that has gradually developed in our serious theater, and that seems to me, every time I encounter it, more and more misled. This style of setting is a simplification of the realistic. The hotel lobby, for instance, has nothing that is not true to fact, but there are many things in the actual lobby that the setting leaves out. This problem, of course, comes easily under the head of elimination in art; but it is a plain principle in stage visual art that, for the sake of any unified quality, of any organic oneness in kind, by which all parts of the work of theater art—scene, writing, acting and so on—shall share the same life, the décor should be at the same distance from reality that the acting and the writing are. "Torch Song" is at least as close to reality as the players and the dramatist can make it; and so the directly stated, rather barren, strict settings would bear thinking over as to how much they contribute to the right fullness, the complete dramatic content possible to the event.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Recognizing Soviet Russia

SIR: Probably few of your readers know of the existence of a Women's Committee for the Recognition of Soviet Russia. This committee did some good work in the beginning, but lately it has fallen sound asleep. Probably a new committee should be formed of both men and women, and above all there should be a new chairman, young, energetic and ready for wholehearted work. If any of your readers feel like organizing or helping to organize a committee, I shall be very glad to hear from them.

Saunderstown, R. I. ELIZABETH COPE.

Tolstoy and Music

SIR: The publication of the diary and later diary of Tolstoy's wife has aroused so many unbalanced and ill informed comments that a sensible and generally accurate review, such as that in your issue of July 2, is very welcome.

On one point however it misrepresents Tolstoy's attitude—namely in relation to music. He was not a man "who once wept on hearing music" (though he often did that), "but who now rushed from a room at its sound, crying: 'What does this music want of me?'"

Tolstoy was always extremely sensitive to music. I stayed with him at Yásnaya Polyána repeatedly and was always struck by his knowledge of and interest in music. . . . Also one may gather from many of the works written about him that it was not a question of Tolstoy rushing from a room crying, "What does this music want of me?" but that he repeatedly used the phrase to express his serious and profound desire to elucidate the effect produced on us by music.

Sergius Tolstoy says:

> Never in my life have I met anyone who felt music so intensely as my father. He could not help listening to it. When he heard music that pleased him he became excited, there was a contraction in his throat, he sobbed and shed tears. The feelings aroused in him were unreasoning emotion and excitement. Sometimes it excited him against his will and even tormented him, and he would say: *"Que me veut cette musique?"*

This letter is not intended as a disparagement of the thoughtful review you have published of the diaries, but merely to explain Tolstoy's attitude towards music, of which he was extremely fond.

Chelmsford, England. AYLMER MAUDE.

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Radio Pedagogy

SIR: The thoughtful article, "Radio in Education," which appeared in your issue of August 13, is bound to be of interest to those who have had any experience with the problem. The views of the critical observer are always welcome, and doubly so if they indicate an awakening interest on the part of the intelligent public. It is to be hoped that they do. My own interest began three years ago when I was asked to serve as acting secretary of the advisory council of the National Broadcasting Company.

Whatever the ultimate possibilities of radio as a medium for education, broadcasters and educators will both admit, I think, that little progress has been made toward their realization. This, of course, is not difficult to explain. Organized broadcasting on a nation-wide scale has existed not for ten years, but for four. This may be a relatively long period in the history of radio, but in the history of education it is scarcely a moment. And after all, the development in question is essentially a problem not so much for the broadcaster as for the educator. Let me explain.

So far as the broadcasters were concerned, two courses have been open. First, they might appoint educational directors and build and present their own programs. Second, they might make their facilities, both physical and technical, available to educators, and leave the programs to them. Clearly, in dealing with such a delicate problem they were wise in choosing the second course. Had they chosen the first they would have been roundly criticized —doubtless by The New Republic among others—and in my opinion rightly so. In choosing the second they have protected themselves as well as education from any charge of subsidized propaganda, and they have tendered the invaluable contribution of nation-wide facilities and a national audience. These contributions are all the more important because local educational stations, with relatively few exceptions, have failed to attract and hold any considerable audience and have been increasingly difficult to finance.

In short, if private initiative has failed in this instance to develop educational programs comparable to those of Great Britain, Austria or Germany, it is not because the initiative of the commercial broadcaster has failed, but only because it has been wisely restrained. Religion, politics, music, entertainment and certainly industry have been quick to take advantage of the radio's facilities, and in the case of the first two at least have developed their own programs. Only education has lagged behind. Why?

Well, education is not organized in this country to deal with problems of this sort overnight. Moreover, it is fair to point out that our problem is infinitely more complicated than that of England, Austria or even Germany. There one deals with relatively small and compact geographical areas, where the cost of the facilities is relatively negligible. There, too, the historic relationship of the government to education is entirely different from that of Washington. So, I take it, is the position of Moscow. Here, where public education is controlled by the states, this medium, that disregards such boundaries, offers a new and complex batch of problems in the administrative field. Again, radio has developed a technique of its own, in which few educators are skilled. It is not unnatural, then, that educators have felt their way slowly.

There are, however, encouraging signs. Secretary Wilbur, in calling together his committee, helped to draw things to a focus. More recently the Adult Education Association has taken steps to organize the field for action, under the direction of Mr. Levering Tyson of Columbia University, who was mentioned in The New Republic article. It is their plan to set up a central representative group of citizens and educators, with a smaller executive group, to direct and sponsor educational experiments on a nation-wide scale. This is an encouraging sign, because certainly such a group is needed if the educational resources of the country are to be mobilized and brought into contact with the microphone.

And so it seems to me too early to place the seal of failure on private initiative here. Educators and the intelligent public have it in their power to construct programs which will serve as a corrective to the type they criticize. They are beginning to realize it. The broad development is in their hands. The broadcasting companies are waiting, I believe, to provide time and facilities to educational programs adapted to the radio technique and sponsored by representative educators.

EVERETT CASE.

New York City.

Wanted: D. H. Lawrence Letters

SIR: I shall be most grateful if you will give publicity to the following communication, addressed to all those who may have any letters from the late D. H. Lawrence in their possession.

The administrators of Mr. Lawrence's estate have asked me to collect his letters, and arrangements have been made for having them copied and filed. May I, therefore, ask all those of Lawrence's correspondents, to whom I have not already written personally, to send their letters to Mrs. Hilton, 44 Mecklenburg Square, London, W. C. 1. The originals will be copied and returned as soon as possible. If it should be decided to publish any of the letters (the copyright in which vests exclusively in the estate), correspondents will be informed which of their letters or parts of letters have been selected.

ALDOUS HUXLEY.

Sanary, France.

An Oversight in Unemployment Figures

SIR: The repeated references to unemployment figures in the liberal weeklies and elsewhere reveal a serious oversight in interpretation on the part of commentators otherwise well informed; however, even the learned treatises on the causes and extent of unemployment tend to gloss over the facts.

In speaking of the recent census enumeration of the jobless, one such weekly states that the figures so far gathered are probably an understatement, since "only those were covered who had recently been regularly employed and were actively looking for work. This excludes casuals and those laid off or furloughed." This analysis entirely fails to point out that if the worker had been unemployed for a month, for two months, or even a year, but just chanced to obtain work a day or two before the census was taken, then the unemployment census took no notice of his previous condition of unemployment, regardless of its severity.

Likewise, even though the present enumeration should reveal 3,000,000 unemployed at the time the census was taken, it must be mentioned in the interests of accuracy that as the months pass by other millions of workers will take their turn at being unemployed. The monthly records show that in Great Britain there have been about 1,500,000 people unemployed during the last year. Assuming that each person has been unemployed on an average for one month only, then these figures mean that there have been 18,000,000 workers unemployed. Obviously the customary figures do not give us the correct impression. In enumerating industrial or automobile-accident statistics we would never think of asking, "Were you in an accident yesterday?" No, we insist on twelve months' figures and on knowing how much lost time each accident involved. Why not insist on the same complete data for unemployment?

Thus, in order to secure complete statistics in regard to how many of the approximately 35,000,000 wage earners are employed the full twelve months of the year, the question will have to be asked, "Have you been without a job at any time within the past year?" instead of the present question, "Were you employed yesterday?" Obviously, this latter question tells us nothing about those millions who have been unemployed during the last twelve months in whole or in part unless they also happen to be unemployed just when the enumeration is being made.

This is not a fault of the present census technique alone, but is a fault of nearly all figures gathered to date by other agencies and individuals.

EMERSON P. SCHMIDT.

University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.

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The All-World Gandhi Fellowship

SIR: An All-World Gandhi Fellowship is formed with a Committee of One Hundred. This committee includes Dr. John Haynes Holmes, the Rev. Eliot White, the Rev. Russell Clinchy, Dr. J. T. Sunderland, Dr. Sydney Strong, Dr. Edwin Lathrop Baker, Mr. Edgar White Burrill, Mr. Seymour Stone, Dr. N. S. Hanoka, Mr. Charles Frederick Weller, Miss Alma L. Lissberger, Kedar Nath Das Gupta, Mrs. Lucy W. Cartozian, Dr. Charles G. Pease, Miss Rose M. Barley, Mrs. M. L. Earle and Mr. Stansbury Hagar of New York, Rabbi William H. Fineshriber of Philadelphia, the Rev. Robert W. Jones, Mr. Edward Holton James, Baroness A. M. von Blomberg, Mr. John Orth of Boston and the Rev. Dr. Peter Ainslie of Baltimore.

The committee has its headquarters at 1285 Fifth Avenue, New York, and is enlisting members for the Fellowship and also organizing an all-American Committee of One Thousand.

A hundred-page journal named "Dharma" is published as an organ of the All-World Gandhi Fellowship. This magazine will keep the members and the public informed of the progress of the non-violent passive resistance movement. The present number contains articles on various subjects from well known writers and reporters such as Rabindranath Tagore, Dr. Annie Besant, Romain Rolland, Sir John Woodroffe, Heywood Broun, Webb Miller, Negley Farson, Aurobindo Ghose, Sherwood Eddy, George Slocombe, A. J. Muste and Mahatma Gandhi.

A fellowship center is arranged at Rhinecliff-on-the-Hudson, New York, where members can stay and put into practice the principles of All-World Gandhi Fellowship.

The object of the All-World Gandhi Fellowship is to cultivate in individual and collective life the doctrines of Ahimsa (non-violence) and Satyagraha (soul-force) for the promotion of peace and happiness of the world.

The methods consist in putting into practice, to the best of one's powers, the following five rules which Mahatma Gandhi prescribes for the members of his Satyagraph Ashram:

1. The vow of truth. It is not enough not to resort ordinarily to untruth. No deception may be practised even for the good of the country. Truth may require opposition to parents and elders.

2. The vow of non-violence. It is not enough not to take the life of any living being. One may not even hurt those whom he believes to be unjust; he may not be angry with them, he must love them. Oppose tyranny but never hurt the tyrant. Conquer him by love. Suffer punishment even unto death for disobeying his will. Sacrifice and willing suffering is the spirit of Ahimsa. Fearlessness is essential to follow Ahimsa.

3. The vow of non-stealing. It is not enough not to steal what is commonly considered other men's property. It is theft if we use articles which we do not really need.

4. The vow of self-control. It is not enough not to look upon woman with a lustful eye. Animal passions must be controlled, so that they will not be moved even in thought.

5. The control of the palate. Regulate and purify the diet. Leave off such foods as may tend to stimulate animal passions or are otherwise unnecessary.

6. The vow of non-acquisition. It is not enough not to be acquisitive, but it is necessary not to keep anything which may not be absolutely necessary for our bodily wants. Think constantly of simplifying life.

Membership involves no financial responsibility beyond the payment of $1.00 as initiation fee, and a voluntary yearly contribution which is left entirely to members' own discretion, for which they will receive a copy of the journal "Dharma."

The application for membership in the All-World Gandhi Fellowship should be made to its headquarters at 1285 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

ALMA L. LISSBERGER, Secretary.

New York City.

The Chain Store Controversy

SIR: It is difficult for me to reply to Elinor J. Desenberg's valiant but weak letter defending of the chain-store gods [The New Republic, August 20] because she has not refuted anything that appeared in my article, "The Chains of Chain Stores," in your issue of July 23.

This "observer of general business methods" dwells lovingly on the shopworn phrases of the hired defenders of the chain stores. She is offended because I did not mention such well advertised advantages of the chain stores as "savings resulting from quantity buying, quantity advertising, central administrative overhead which reduces the operating costs of the individual units, ability to purchase efficient organizers."

Just what this has to do with the idiotic and narrow-minded regulations which chain stores impose on their white-collared help is a question too complex for me.

Miss Desenberg is also concerned because I made no mention of the fact that "our society is composed of a majority who enjoy a commonplace, well regulated, bourgeois existence." She tells us the chain store affords a haven to them. What she probably meant to say, because it is true, is that they compel their employees to lead a commonplace, well regulated existence. And they make it their business to see that their wishes are carried out.

RALPH L. WOODS.

St. Albans, Long Island, N. Y.

A Suggestion to Eads How's Executor

SIR: Surely the millennium is approaching when the executor of a large fortune invites the public to suggest ways and means by which he may help "to produce justice and a classless society throughout the world." I refer to Mr. Klein's letter in The New Republic for September 3. I have long had a suggestion that I wished to make to Mr. Rockefeller. Perhaps if I make it to Mr. Klein, Mr. Rockefeller will hear about it.

Many years ago it was my good fortune to see the face of the friend who has made Mr. Klein the executor of his estate. I have not forgotten his mild and gentle eyes, and the spirit of kindliness that shone out from them. I feel sure that when he asked that his money should be used "to produce justice and a classless society throughout the world," he was thinking of the hungry, and probably of the physically hungry. It occurs to me, however, that he would not have been averse to satisfying the hunger of those who are hungry for something more than bread and butter, that he would be willing to have his money used to enable a certain number of his fellows to mount over the barriers set by class. Perhaps the greatest injustice that arises from any stratification of society, and particularly from a stratification based on the possession of money, is the fact that many are cut off from that growth and development to which their natural capacity entitles them. We are worrying a little these days because too many young persons are going to college; our worry should rather be because too many young persons who could profit by a college course are not finding their way to college. My concrete suggestion is that Mr. Klein search out with great care a number of men and women whose judgment he can trust, and employ them to hunt out gifted children—all types of gifted children—and send them to those institutions that are best suited to their needs. Of course, I mean those children who are held back by poverty or straitened circumstances. It would take a fund of five hundred millions to do the job thoroughly in the United States. But the million or more that Mr. How has left will make a beginning in some large city, preferably St. Louis where the Eads fortune was built. Perhaps the example, when the validity of the idea had been demonstrated—would induce other men of wealth to endow foundations. If that happy day should ever come, at least one of the great injustices of a stratified society would have been removed, and a part of Mr. How's dream would have come true, and incidentally the most valuable asset of our national life would have been conserved.

CHARLES N. SMILEY.

Northfield, Minn.

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DOORYARD AND WOOD'S GROUND

Lines to a Kitten

Morsel of suavity
Perched on my knee,
Furred silken beast, your golden eye
With its great crystal lens is bent
Upon a fly
Six feet away, and all your tiny life, intent,
Crouches and peers through the dark slitted vent.

Only the great
And you, can dedicate
The attention so to one small thing.
Kin of philosophers, and more, indeed,
Kin of the fur and wing
From whose intensity we read
Abstractions, elemental thoughts, of fear, or speed,

You, by your narrowed thought, maintain your place,
Pure quality of your great treacherous race.

The Owner of the Dog

Little and droll,
With your furry chin on your paws,
You eye me who am your cause—
One of the two who ordered your little soul.

We planned your birth;
Yes, and we planned your size,
Your small neat ear and dark eyes,
Set in motion the mystery bringing you surely to earth.

And now we say
You shall see this much of the world;
Of all the round globe hurled
Through space, here you shall pass your day;

Here run, here bark,
Here be gay. And, as we are wise,
Measure your happiness, and apprise
Life as we make it for you. Ah, the dark

Stands off, stands far.
Small life, in our life's care,
Snuff happily the blue air
That mantles your green, your tawny and earthen star.

Little Goat

New-born, gilded with blood,
In the cold grass you lie,
And the sheened silver flood
About you falls away in ripples evenly.

All flesh is grass, indeed, my little goat,
But no grass pulses so with secret heat,
And no grass struggles so
To stand at once upon four staggering milk-white feet.

Your colorless clear eye
Turns here and there from person, shed and tree
With such security as might declare,
Here is the world at last and here am I.

O, little creature, bloodily begun,
Still must you wear
Under your violet winter-leaf-like hair
The uncertainty of life where these warm currents run.

In vision presently
You'll merge with the dun coloring of grass and trees,
But you are none of these,
O colored like the summer-faded hill.

You are another race
Where pain's more evident.
Negate this as you will,
And lift your brown and white complacent face,

Your little throat
With wattled ornament,
Into the spring's content,
Into the spring's chill silvery content.

JANET LEWIS.

Owl

An owl goes softly about killing;
He floats like the down of thistles
Through the still wood, but pouncing
His wings are steel-loud whistles.

He leaps shrilly out of quietness;
He is death too late heard
In the ears of a hare or a wood-rat
Or a ground-sleeping bird.

Chipmunk

When he runs hunting the chipmunk stretches
To a stripe over the wood's ground;
He has the sun's style of flickering; he matches
The half-shadowy places where nuts are found.

The chipmunk is compressed while the grim
Wing-beat of a hawk passes;
He is a chunk of turf, and his whiskers tremble on him
In the manner of grasses.

Otter

Nothing is shattered when the otter plunges
Into the river, nothing changes—
Nothing breaks when he parts the crisp silver,
He knows the still way into the river—
His strong diving is no more than darker
Shadow over and then under water.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

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Sires of New England

Builders of the Bay Colony, by Samuel Eliot Morison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 365 pages. $5.

OUT OF Mr. Morison's collection of thirteen biographical sketches emerges one of the best histories of the first fifty years of Massachusetts Bay, and one of the best studies of the Puritan mind and character, that has yet been written. Mr. Morison is no Puritan in creed, but he is a loyal New Englander, and writes of these American founders with a sympathy all the warmer for his conviction that they are much misunderstood and traduced. Of formal defense the Puritans have had plenty, but mere formal defense does them little good. The main trouble with the Puritan is that after three centuries he seems alien to an inhuman degree. The Mathers, the Endicotts, the Winthrops, the Saltonstalls and their somewhat grim-visaged companions are not so much of a forbidding creed as of an incomprehensible time and mode of life, possessing little apparent connection with the society of modern America; they are chill names and abstractions, not life and blood. Mr. Morison, with scholarship equaled by literary skill, first humanizes them, and then, when we begin to apprehend them as walking, breathing, humorous and fallible men, he tactfully inserts an occasional word of argument against their detractors. It is a chilly person indeed who can read these dozen papers—originally delivered as Lowell Institute lectures—without contracting a surprising esteem for the Puritan.

Of historical detail there is not a great deal that is new in the volume, though occasionally Mr. Morison has made good use of manuscript sources in both Old and New England. But for all that the book has shining merits of originality. The author has selected figures who are only in part known to the general reader, though all are familiar to students; besides the well known names of John Eliot, Anne Bradstreet and the two Winthrops, he has chosen the Henry Dunster who was the first real head of Harvard, the John Hull who made the pine-tree shillings, the Nathaniel Ward who wrote "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam," the good Master Thomas Shepard, who was the ablest evangelist of his time, calling men to his meetings by drum, and the Robert Child whose remonstrances against governmental and ecclesiastical severity led to the grant of manhood suffrage in the Massachusetts towns—a seed from which sprang a great deal of the spirit of American independence and self-reliance. To round out the list, he includes one man who, though among the foremost founders of Massachusetts, never left the mother country: John White of Dorchester, prime organizer of the New England Company. It is a roster skillfully selected for the display of Puritan versatility: Hull was both artist and keen business man; John Winthrop, Jr., was an industrial pioneer; Ward, a lawmaker and a literary wit; Dunster, an educational administrator; and Eliot, a reformer and humanitarian worthy of leading the long New England line.

The life which these men so variously illustrate—the rich pulse of effort by which 16,000 energetic English established a new commonwealth and almost a new nation—is more important to the author than mere personal details. The best part of the book is its historical, rather than its biographical, portions, the pages where the fluent narrative suddenly broadens out from the individual to the general. Here and there Mr. Morison's array of dates and facts is a little dull. But not where he describes the way in which an ordination ceremony was conducted, or in which the first students of Harvard dwelt and studied, or in which the early Yankee houses were framed, built, roofed and painted, or in which Puritan missionaries set about converting the "tawny salvages," or in which the pioneer women of Massachusetts lived. A man like John Hull becomes alive to us as we see him grumbling over a London cargo of unfashionable hats which he must retail "up and downe the country," generously sending money to England to redeem Yankee seamen from Algerine slavery, shrewdly starting the line of Narragansett pacers by sending some choice "naggs" to Point Judith, threatening suit against the pastor-historian William Hubbard of Ipswich for repayment of a loan of £300 at 5 percent, and waxing wroth because, some lumber that he had sold as logwood proving to be plum tree, his honesty was called in question. The whole community becomes alive when, by the description of a score of folkways, it is presented as a canny, adventurous and picturesquely cheerful place, rather than a land of frigid gloom. Some of its principal features, e. g., the Puritan sense of the iniquity of wasting time, unfelt by Latin temperaments, are not so dreadful but that they strongly stamp all American life today.

Hawthorne, who did so much to paint somber tones into our conception of colonial New England, remarked that early Massachusetts was "incomparably more picturesque than at present." Mr. Morison insists on the picturesqueness. The Puritans wore bright colors—Governor Bradford left a colored hat, violet cloak and turkey-red grogram suit; Governor Bellingham flaunted a scarlet cloak, and in the early inventories there is much mention of purple, green, blue and russet garments. At the ordination ceremonies, the churchmen who played host set out long trestle tables with roasts, cakes, tarts and other comestibles, passed the ordination beer in great leathern jacks, provided good Canary wine lavishly, and were hardly content unless the departing clergy staggered as they tried to mount their horses. They liked humor and appreciatively retailed the remark of the savage convert Waban when asked what should be done with some drunkenly quarreling Indians: "Hah! tie um all up, and whip um plaintiff, whip um 'fendant, whip um witness!" They did not try to fit everyone into iron molds; John Eliot, for example, did not insist on Anglicizing as well as Christianizing the Indians, and far from putting them into trousers, himself adopted the Indian undress on his wilderness rounds. The youngsters at Harvard lived much as did the youngsters at Cambridge, and did not think that to be godly meant eschewing cakes and ale; in fact, the wife of the first head got into trouble for failing (among other errors) to provide enough good beer. The militia system was more efficient than the English system of trained bands, and, with the monthly company drills and the annual muster of regiments from each of the four counties, must have given a touch of military color to Puritan life. With great emphasis, Mr. Morison insists upon the artistic instincts of the best Puritans. Their houses were convenient and attractive; their furniture, as we have ample evidence, was beautiful; they produced a long roll of silversmiths and goldsmiths whose work bears comparison with the best done anywhere in the empire outside of London; and they had portrait painters of merit.

While he has not projected his book on controversial lines, Mr. Morison has included in it much that is implicitly controversial. He defends the Puritan pastors from the charge that governmental support and strict ecclesiastical rules gave them their powerful position. On the con-

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trary, he argues, they had little adventitious aid in dealing with the powerful elders and the independent-minded church members, and established their sway by force of brains and character. He denies the theory that, since John Calvin combated the Catholic ideas on money interest, all Calvinists believed that business success was a concomitant and a token of religious merit. He has found no whit of evidence that the New England Puritans believed in any connection between piety and business achievement, and abundant evidence that, so far as the church had political power, it used it to regulate and not stimulate business enterprise. The Puritans were harsh in some ways, and two persons were put to death in Boston for adultery; but their code or Body of Liberties was in general milder than the English laws, and they imposed no capital punishment for theft, though in England larceny above the value of one shilling was capital. They forbade "tobacco-taking," but only in public places where it fostered loafing; smoking and snuffing in private flourished. They deported Anne Hutchinson and turned a chilly shoulder to alien sects; but, as Mr. Morison says, there was plenty of room left in America outside the little region between the Merrimac and the Charles.

On these controversial questions men will continue to differ, and Brooks Adams' indictment of ecclesiastical tyranny in early Massachusetts, Charles Francis Adams' presentation of the seamy side of life in the colony, and James Truslow Adams' sharply critical analysis of Puritan politics, will continue to sway many students. Captious readers of this book may argue that there are inconsistencies in it; the papers on the liberal minister Thomas Shepard and the liberal lawmaker Nathaniel Ward admit abuses which are half denied elsewhere. But as a corrective the book has merit, and as a contribution to history it is of high value. No one who wants a human picture and a sympathetic interpretation of that far-off community, the most interesting and impressive colonizing enterprise in the modern world, can neglect the volume. It might have been better had it been written as straight history instead of a series of biographical sketches, but it is excellent as it is.

ALLAN NEVINS.

Talent Without Courage

The Edwardians, by V. Sackville-West. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THE TITLE of "The Edwardians" is doubly apt, in that the novel not only concerns itself with life in the reign of Edward VII, but also and more particularly with those sophisticated and discreetly unconventional members of the aristocracy in whose company the monarch found pleasure. The setting is Chevron, which, as the publisher's blurb takes unnecessary pains to assure us, is really Knole, the ancestral home of the author. The leading character is the young Duke, Sebastian, who is first presented at the age of nineteen, complaining that nothing ever happens. On that very week-end, however, he falls in love with Sylvia, Lady Roehampton, and listens to Anquetil, an explorer, who urges him to break away from the routine life to which he is by birth committed. Sylvia is the stronger attraction, and Sebastian sows the appropriate crop of wild oats with the splendor that his position demands. Disappointed by Sylvia, he turns to a member of the middle class, and is confronted by an even stodgier morality. The coarseness of a farm girl and the bohemianism of an artist's model are more than his aristocratic stomach can bear, and, finding his love for Chevron his strongest emotion, he contemplates a conventional marriage. He meets Anquetil, however, on the day that George V is crowned, and is persuaded to devote the next three years to an expedition with him. Viola, Sebastian's sister, has carried on a quieter but more successful revolt, and, Sebastian is surprised to learn, plans to marry Anquetil on his return.

A summary of the novel indicates its character and the intention of its author. Taking that intention as a standard, one can find many pleasant things to say about the book, even to the point of agreeing with the American critic who calls it "the true and delightful history of an era and a class." Miss Sackville-West, an intelligent, well informed and witty woman, has shaped her story with precision and economy. A study of the principles according to which she shifts her point of view shows clearly her skill of construction. Comparison with any work of Galsworthy's, but more especially with "The Patrician," provides a measure of both her knowledge of the class she portrays and her ability to adumbrate the life of a class in the lives of individuals. Her phraseology is sophisticated and pointed. Indeed, keeping adverse criticism within the limits imposed by Miss Sackville-West's aims, one could perhaps find fault only with certain awkward and unnecessary comments which the author makes as author.

If, then, the novel fails to satisfy the reader, criticism must press beyond the performance to the intention behind it. Not long ago we were told, and most of us believed, that the traditional novel was bankrupt. It seemed as if Victorian genius had fully exploited the possibilities of the novel of character and manners, with its patternless structure and its approximate realism. The novel, it appeared, must change, and in the work of Joyce, Lawrence, Proust and Mrs. Woolf even the more cautious critics saw the transformation taking place. Now Proust is dead, Lawrence is dead, Joyce seems to be galloping into darkness with one foot on Pegasus and the other on a hobbyhorse, and Mrs. Woolf has written "Orlando," which may not be an absolute calamity, but is surely an omen of defeat. And what is perhaps more, half a dozen of the more brilliant young men and women have, instead of carrying on the revolution, invested their talents in new exemplifications of the old forms.

One ought, of course, to avoid the supposition that the traditional English novel is dead merely because its requiem has been sung. But it may be observed that so far no one has succeeded in revivifying the older forms and making them the vehicles of his genius. "The Edwardians" will do as an example of what is happening. Let us admit that it is free from the more obvious faults that mar the work of Galsworthy, Bennett and Wells: Miss Sackville-West does not underscore her characters as Galsworthy does; her work is not formless and unselective as Bennett's is; she is not a propagandist like Wells. All this can be granted, and it may yet be maintained that she has accomplished no more than, if she had accomplished as much as, these novelists. There is not a single point at which she has enriched our experience of life. She has shown us, presumably quite accurately, the manners of a class with which most of us are not familiar, and we may add to our stock the information she conveys as we might file away a newspaper clipping; but she has not recreated the lives of the Edwardians as Proust has recreated the lives of a comparably aristocratic group. What we find in her work is, in the words of Ramon Fernandez, "the substitution of an order of conceptual

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exposition for the order of living production, and of rational proofs for esthetic proofs."

Such failures as this lead one to reaffirm the dogma of the bankruptcy of the traditional novel. The more interesting problem now is the attitude of the young writers. It is not necessary to argue that Miss Sackville-West or any other writer should imitate Joyce or Proust; it is enough to suggest that an example has been set which Miss Sackville-West and her contemporaries might follow. We see today, more clearly than we could a few years ago, that Joyce and the rest did not create a new kind of novel, a new kind that could immediately supplant the old. What they did was to show that talent and determination and ingenuity could find more adequate ways in which to say, freshly and convincingly, whatever there was to be said. If they did not show, once and for all, how good novels were to be written in the twentieth century, they at least showed—and this was perhaps more important—that good novels could be written.

Their example seems, at the moment, to have counted for little. The younger writers, with three or four American exceptions and perhaps one or two British, are playing safe. They do not lack talent, but they do lack courage. As a result of their malingering, the situation of the novel is only slightly more hopeful than it was fifteen years ago. Recognizing this, one can neither greet "The Edwardians" with enthusiasm nor dismiss it as utterly unimportant; one can only regard its sleek success as a misfortune, almost an affront. It is not sure how much Miss Sackville-West's talents, real as they are, would accomplish if she were to undertake an ambitious experiment, but even failure, of a certain sort, would entitle her to more profound admiration than can be bestowed on the present work.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Kiki Tells All

Kiki's Memoirs, by Kiki. Translated by Samuel Putnam, with an introduction by Ernest Hemingway. Paris: Edward W. Titus. 186 pages. $5.

WHAT ARE your memories of Montparnasse, for of course you have (or haven't you) been there? Or maybe you don't want to remember, but surely you haven't forgotten Kiki. Kiki: if you went over with the first hundred thousand expatriates, right after the War, you saw her as a lean-looking scamperer, with a gift for combining oddments of clothing—a plaid cap, very Apache, a yellow sweater, an oversize ulster—into a fantastically fetching ensemble, slightly theatrical; if later, you saw her plumper, mellower—she had developed a method of make-up quite her own and almost Chinese, making her eyes long dark purple, her lips vermilion, her cheeks a pale ocher, and all enameled, mask-like, to a texture almost vitreous. Always there had been in her bearing a certain innate assurance, as if she was confident of the fitness of her destiny, and now she was attaining it: somehow, in the no one knows how way these things happen, she had caught on. There were prettier girls around the Quarter —Floriane, l'Etoile—and more amusing ones, as Lucette, the unquenchable, but Kiki had become important.

When you talked with her, you felt a little (but not for any lack of friendliness, any assertiveness on her part; it was unconscious in her) as if you had been granted an audience; you made a point of telling people over at the Dome, casually, "I've just been talking to Kiki." You saw her sitting chatting with somebody at a table on the Rotonde terrasse—Man Ray, moody looking, sitting there, too—and you heard people whispering, "That's Kiki, there with Man Ray. They say he found her in some workmen's quarter, running around the streets. Isn't she wonderful?"

This fame of hers never seemed to affect her, except that it offered a wider range of life to her, and she took full advantage of that. Now, hundreds of people whom she had never met in her life hailed her, tried to buy her drinks, to make love to her, to take her on parties: she bowed and smiled, egged them on to their avowals and listened, refused gravely or accepted capriciously, stayed or got up and went away, just as she happened to feel at the moment. Pretty nearly always, in fact, she did just what she happened to feel like doing, and perhaps that is what Ernest Hemingway had in mind when he said in his introduction, "for about ten years she was about as close as people get nowadays to being a Queen." For the Queen, like all Queens now, has written a book. These are her memoirs.

The Queen, then, was born October 2, 1901, in Burgundy; her name, Alice Prin; an illegitimate child gotten of her mother by a neighboring farmer. Her mother "traipsed off to Paris," leaving her with her grandmother; at the age of twelve she followed her. Then there were odd jobs, an odd life, poverty, street-wanderings—eating seldom, sleeping in sheds or in hotels filled with brawling prostitutes, selling flowers, trying to look like a gypsy, showing her breasts for three francs to perverted gentlemen met on street benches, going home with an old man who bought her a cup of coffee in a cafe, because her girlfriend "suggested my letting myself be seduced by an old man, saying there was nothing like it," working in a bakeshop, in a bookbindery, living with a man named Robert who beats her but is inescapable, because where else is there to go, standing shivering of a rainy night on the stairs outside the door of a man who she hoped would put her up for the night but who already has a girl with him, hawking newspapers in the streets.

She arrives in Montparnasse, bathes in the Rotonde washroom, meets Kisling, Fels, Foujita, Hiler, Derain, Van Dongen—all the painters—and finally Man Ray. The rest is history.

It was a wild life, as may be seen, and full of incident, but the trouble is, you don't quite see Kiki living it. Not that the incidents couldn't have happened, or didn't; it is simply that in the book they don't quite stand up under their own weight; and that may be because of the trivial air of their telling, the persistently naughty-naughty attitude which, by its obviousness, robs her early struggles of what poignancy they may have had and even of the reckless gallantry she assumes, and leaves her recital of her friendship with the painters of Montparnasse very threadbare indeed.

Or, for that matter, perhaps the translation may have had something to do with it. In his introduction, Ernest Hemingway says roundly that the book should never be translated, and advises a recourse to the original, which this reviewer was unfortunately unable to obtain. In a second introduction (followed by a third, in which the publisher chides them both) the translator, Samuel Putnam, concedes all this, even remarking that Kiki's prose is the most subtle he has ever encountered, but decides to try for a miracle, and tackles the job. Perhaps the miracle didn't come off. He tried the most difficult way, too—doing it in slang. There is always something incongruous about a "cheap hash-joint" near the rue Mouffetard—

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cheap hash-joints should be on Sixth Avenue, and slang is local, not only to its proper language, but also to its place of origin.

Anyway, the Queen has written her book, filled with photographs, and reproductions of paintings by herself, and of herself by an imposing list of famous artists. Kiki has told all, and whether the fault be hers, or the translator's, or merely in the chill of cold print, the net result seems to be that her book divorces her from her own life, from herself as you knew her in Paris. Either that, or she was never at all the grand, the glamorous personage you always thought she was—and then what becomes of your youth?

ROBERT M. COATES.

Corn and Fiestas

Tepoztlan, a Mexican Village, by Robert Redfield. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 217 pages. $3.

ONCE I stood upon a peak in Mexico and looked down on a red-roofed village all set about with cornfields and rimmed with contorted and fantastic cliffs. The peak happened to be crowned with a little Aztec temple dedicated centuries ago to the god of *pulque* (the national drink), and the village happened to be Tepoztlan. There may be fairer settings in which a community of human beings might live, but they would be hard to find. Dropping down an almost perpendicular gorge, I emerged some thousands of feet below at the town water supply, a fountain gushing like that of Moses from the living rock, deep in the shade of a grove of banana trees. Here, too, was the great stone globe with its cross, which marked the spot where the image of the god Tepoztecatl was hurled from the temple by Dominican monks, to break into fragments and be incorporated into the foundations of the church.

The Indians accepted the destruction of their graven image, but now, after 400 years, it is still doubtful whether they accepted the destruction of their god. Every year a fiesta is held in Tepoztlan to commemorate in dance-drama the gigantic deeds of Tepoztecatl when he defended his village against the attacks of neighboring pueblos.

I wandered through the town, marking the encroachments of machinery on this community, where, in 1521, Cortez found "many pretty women and much loot." A sewing machine or two, a battered phonograph, some factory merchandise on the shelves of the little stores around the plaza. No wheel had ever turned in the steep, narrow streets; no telephone, telegraph or power lines; no industries save a town flour mill; adobe houses much as Cortez must have found them; a village maintaining itself by virtue of the maize-beans-squash complex, then as now. I had to hurry on over the torn lava *pedregal* to Cuernavaca, but some day I hoped to come back to Tepoztlan and find out more specifically how a pre-machine community ordered its life, how hard it had to work, how much fun it had, what its cultural values were as contrasted with, say, "Middletown."

Now I need not go back (though I probably shall) for Mr. Redfield has done the job for me, and far more expertly than I could hope to do it. A trained ethnologist, he spent some eight months in this community of 4,000 people, learned not only Spanish, but the native Aztec dialect, established obviously not only sympathy but "confianza"—the state in which the Indian withdraws his well justified suspicion of the white and bares a little of his soul—and has produced a Mexican "Middletown" of absorbing interest and, to my mind, of great importance. I have read, or looked into, all the recent books on Mexico obtainable in English, and this is the first one (except possibly Manuel Gamio's study of Teotihuacan) which really takes the cover off a typical community and allows us to see how it eats, sleeps, works, plays, worships and generally carries on through the cycle of the seasons.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that which gives the calendar of fiesta, corn-planting, fiesta, harvest, day by day, the year around. Save when a Zapata rages over the mountains, fighting for the ancestral *milpas*, one year is very like another in Tepoztlan. When revolution comes—once also there was an earthquake—the people flee to cover in the hills, or even to Mexico City, fifty miles away, and wait as only Indians can wait, "coming down in the night to rob their own fruit trees." When the trouble subsides, back to the house sites and *milpas* of their fathers they come, and resume the timeless rhythm unabated.

Conditioned to the role of wayfaring man instead of distraught intellectual, I think I should prefer to live out my years in Tepoztlan rather than in Middletown. My economic security would be greater—with a year's supply of food in my corn crib; my social contacts would be more rewarding; I could learn to express myself in color, music, dancing; I should have far more fun, with one day in three a holiday in the yearly cycle; best of all, my feet would be on the ground, with right ways and wrong ways sanctioned by the centuries, and with Tepoztecatl still brooding and watchful on his peak.

STUART CHASE.

The Best Is Yet to Be

The Later Years of Thomas Hardy, 1892-1928, by Florence Emily Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Company. 289 pages. $5.

UNLESS ONE happens to be interested in all that pertains to Thomas Hardy, it would be wise to approach this official memoir of him in the hope, not so much of gaining a significant understanding of his thirty-six "later years," as of being assisted in planning one's own career. For the information available here is likely to suffer from a widow's apprehension that the "dear memory" may be misunderstood; while the value of such a book to one's own career—the lesson in growing old that one can learn from a great artist—is without limits, depending only on oneself. Through reading a book like this we may actually be led to perceive blessings in old age that we had never appreciated before, to overcome our fear of it, to welcome it with joy! Such a thought, it is true, sounds very much like Robert Browning, the Victorian optimist who held that the last of life is better than the first. It would not seem likely that we can now go to the Victorian pessimist Hardy for the same lesson that Browning taught. The two men are commonly thought of as irreconcilable. That the distance between them is not so great as we generally suppose, however, is quite plausibly suggested not only by the serenity and fruitfulness of Hardy's later years, but by an ironic circumstance at the very end of his life.

If we are going to learn a "lesson" from this book, however, we shall have to extract it forcibly. Those familiar with its companion volume, "The Early Life of Thomas Hardy," will be readily persuaded that the two form one of the most discreet and reticent of testimonies. If we come here for light on the poet's second marriage,

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for instance, or for a final statement of all his reasons for refusing, after "Jude the Obscure," to continue to write novels, we shall not be satisfied. We shall find an exceedingly neat chronology, a scrupulous record of the visitors at Max Gate, and those utterances which are likely to be least controversial. All is so much as the modest subject himself would have wished, indeed, that it might have been edited from above! No amusing anecdotes, no color, no "personality." Yet the book is neither dull nor unprofitable. Sometimes that which is buried is the more valuable because we have to dig it up. (And the more interesting. Mrs. Hardy herself, through her remarkable self-effacement, invites many conjectures.)

At the age of fifty-one, we learn, Hardy was in a secure position. His years of trial were over. When he chose he could afford to devote himself to his first love, poetry; to write the work that evidently meant most to him, "The Dynasts"; to develop his favorite theological concept of "an unconscious will gradually becoming conscious." It is difficult to explain the curious pleasure that we receive from following this uneventful record of work, old friendships and honors. Does the reason for our pleasure lie in Hardy's manifest title to a full harvest of the rewards of age? Do we rejoice because he deserved the happiness that came to him? Not altogether, I think. A great deal of our pleasure is due to the fact that we identify ourselves with Hardy and share his old age with him (which means that we reveal a longing of our own). As the birthdays and tributes pass, as old friends die off, as fulfillment follows fulfillment, we approach the end of his life as though we were reading a beautifully rounded work of fiction.

Until the last pages there is almost no sign of decay or infirmity—not even of the influenza from which he suffered in years when he still went up to London. Then, unexpectedly, he has been downstairs for the last time; he is confined to his bed. In the evening of January 10, 1928, "he asked that Robert Browning's poem, 'Rabbi Ben Ezra,' should be read aloud to him." And though very weak, "he indicated that he wished to hear the poem to the end."

The last of life, for which the first was made.

On the next night the great pessimist died.

GERALD SYKES.

No Encumbrance

I Am Jonathan Scrivener, by Claude Houghton. The Earth Told Me, by Thames Williamson. Fifteen Rabbits, by Felix Salten. All published in New York by Simon and Schuster. $1 each.

THE INTENTION of Simon and Schuster in entering the dollar-book field is to issue novels of some literary value in an attractive and inexpensive format. These books, bound in thin cardboard, are printed on good paper from excellent, clear type; they are intended for persons interested in recent novels by writers of recognized reputations. It is hoped that such readers will be led by the low price to buy more books than they could formerly afford. Moreover, a paper-bound book—which, after being read, can be thrown away like a magazine—is no encumbrance to a crowded bookshelf.

The present novels, the first to appear in the new series, are of uneven quality. "I Am Jonathan Scrivener" appears in the green cover which, according to the publisher's announcement, indicates detective and mystery fiction, but it is not a detective novel. It attempts to be at once mystery, psychological analysis and a descriptive picture of different levels in post-war London society. In none of these aims is it successful. The characters might have been conceived in an off moment by any one of a dozen minor British novelists. Possible interest in them, or in the motives actuating the mysterious Jonathan Scrivener who brings them together, is soon lost in pseudo-psychological musings. The book is filled with such sentences as, "Having shackled my soul with the armor of these resolutions, I went in to breakfast."

"The Earth Told Me," which has the blue cover indicating more serious work, adopts the conscious primitivism that has found increasing favor in recent years. Mr. Williamson's characters are Alaskan Indians, his action a conflict between two reindeer herders for the wife of one of them. By avoiding whimsicality or sentimental comment the author makes this story interesting, its development and climax dramatic—in spite, or perhaps because, of a strange sophistication in the principal characters. For folk so ostensibly simple, they display at times an astonishing subtlety in repartee and a complexity of emotions that one would suppose foreign to dwellers on the tundra. Mr. Williamson keeps the narrative moving smoothly, with a certain fresh vigor entirely in keeping with his primitive material, without becoming unduly interested in local color for its own sake. Particularly well written are the opening chapters and those describing a reindeer fair which plays a very definite part in developing the relations between the characters.

Novels bound in red, of which "Fifteen Rabbits" is one, are, so the publisher says, "of a lighter nature." "Fifteen Rabbits" is about rabbits that talk.

EUGENE ARMFIELD.

Contributors

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MARGERY BEDINGER, for more than five years the head librarian at the Military Academy at West Point, is the only woman who has ever held that position. She is at present head librarian at the Montana School of Mines in Butte.

RUSSELL LORD is a staff writer on The Country Home. He edited "The Education of a Princess," the translation of the memoirs of the Grand Duchess Marie.

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GERALD SYKES has contributed fiction to "The American Caravan" and The Hound and Horn.

EUGENE ARMFIELD contributes to The New Freeman.

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